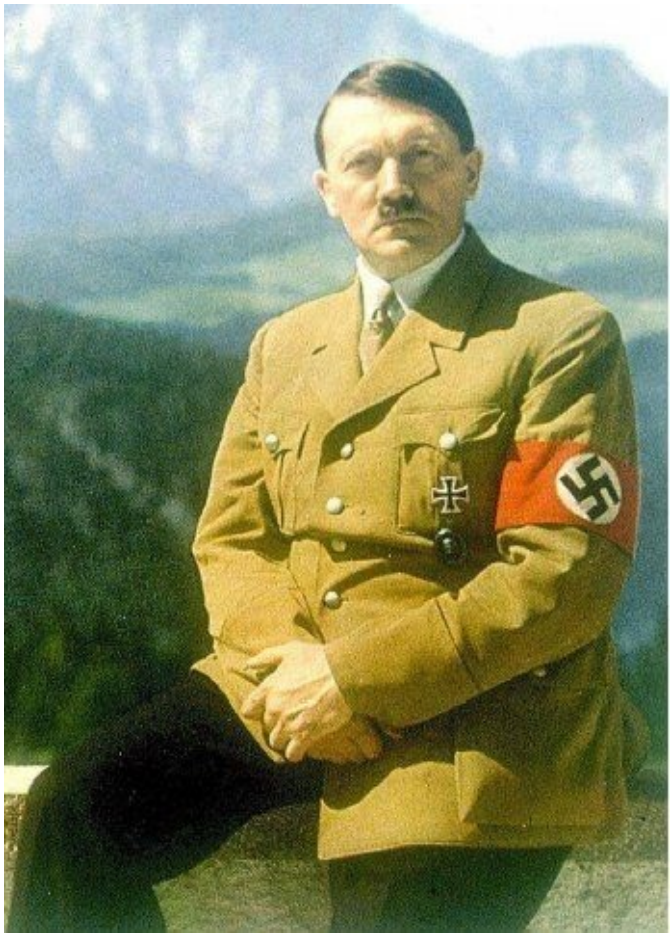
Heroes of the Reich Volume One

HEROES OF THE REICH

HISTORY WITHOUT THE SPIN

MIKE WALSH

HEROES OF THE REICH



Mike Walsh

Heroes of the Reich

FOREWORD

Researching Heroes of the Reich was for me uplifting. I know better than most what a depressing thing it is to write on World War Two matters. Not a mournful emotion is left untouched. When writing on related matters I experience a gamut of emotions. There is anger and outrage at the futility of war. There is an indignation and abhorrence that creatures, I refuse to call them human, could behave so monstrously to their fellow human beings. Wars teach us many lessons. We learn that conflicts and their aftermath polarise human behaviour. Wars also reveal humanity at is best, it most heroic and its most unselfishness.

Of post-war scribes, the palace journalists and their editors, documentary makers and establishment historians what can be said? Forensic science will fail to find human blood on their hands or clothing. Yet, all too often these are the very people who lay the groundwork for conflict. Their infamies are etched into posterity.

Such poison pen scribes are caricatures of Alberich, the hideous cave-dwelling dwarf in Wagner's Ring Cycle. The subterranean caves in which they write their poisons are in their minds. To these I dedicate Heroes of the Reich.

My life has been remarkable for a series of coincidences. Some are so noteworthy they defy explanation. On three different occasions, inflamed by indignation, I wrote to three important figures. Each had much on their conscience to take before their Maker. Angrily, I set their sins before them. I cannot explain it, in each case the men died within a week or so of their presumably receiving those letters.

It was quite surreal. I felt like a hanging judge who, within weeks of sentencing, learns that the scaffold has done its work. That is, except under the most deserving cases, I abhor capital punishment and believe in karma doing its work. I took no comfort from these strange outcomes.

Those men were Harold Macmillan, 1st Earl of Stockton (February 10, 1984 – December 29, 1986). Group Captain Leonard Cheshire Victoria Cross September 7, 1917 – July 31, 1992). Interestingly, the latter was an outspoken atheist until coincidence in 1948 turned him to God.

The third was William Golding (September 19, 1911 – June 9, 1993). He was most notable for his novel The Lord of the Flies. Golding was not so well known for his being a champagne socialist and outspoken apologist for Josef Stalin and his Allied henchmen.

I dedicate Heroes of the Reich (Heroes of the Reich) to the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. These are Georgian Josef Stalin, half American Winston Churchill, Franklin D. Roosevelt, whose ethnic origins are anti-Christian. Finally, the sinister shadowy cabal without which these three men would have merited only the bitterness of alcohol-fuelled obscurity. I do so knowing that the spirit that shines through the souls of their victims will forever blind them in its light. It is the only light that will ever pierce the deep darkness of their minds and souls.

Compiling Heroes of the Reich has been for me a revelation. The history of European conflict is marked by a willingness to honour one's fallen foe. Today, there is an absence of nobility in the hearts and minds of victors. This then is the opportunity to salute the fallen foe. In doing so I hope to be something of a vanguard in the pursuit of justice and honour. **~ Mike Walsh**

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SILESIA

THE SKY MY KINGDOM

AVIATOR HANNA Reitsch

29 March 1912 – 14 August 1979

‘When asked why she had left the Fuhrer bunker Hanna Reitsch replied: “It was the blackest day when we could not die at our führer’s side.” She added with high spirit, “We should all kneel down in reverence and prayer before the altar of the Fatherland.” When asked to explain better what she meant by ‘altar’ she replied: “Why, Why, the Führer’s bunker in Berlin.”

Hanna’s ophthalmologist father wanted her to be a doctor, her mother was a devout

Christian who wrote daily to her daughter throughout her life. Hanna's ambition was to become a flying missionary doctor attending to the needs of the world's unfortunates. As a twenty-year old medical student she had her first experience of flying. From there on it was for her cricket boards scores of firsts in advances in world aviation. Hanna was one of the first to cross the Alps in a glider.

Born 1912 Hanna Reitsch was to become a legend in many fields of aviation and won international acclaim throughout her pioneering career. The world's first female test and helicopter pilot she added weight to the debate over woman's role in the Third Reich. Certainly women were given free rein to advance their careers in the Reich than in any other country.

As a test pilot, a job in which longevity is more likely to be shortevity, the pilot flew every type of aircraft produced by Hitler's Germany. She was the only woman to be awarded the Iron Cross First-Class and Luftwaffe Diamond Clasp. Only one other woman was ever to be awarded the coveted Iron Cross First-class. Reitsch set over 40 aviation altitude and endurance records after World War Two. Many of them remain unbroken. She is truly a woman who has been to where no other man or woman has ever before been. Hanna Reitsch was almost certainly the last flier to soar over her war-shattered Berlin.

It was this Silesia pilot who enthralled her world's admirers when she flew the word's first helicopter. This feat occurred inside Berlin's Deutschlandhale in February 1938. The aircraft that world-changing day was an FW-61, a small biplane fuselage with two outriggers supporting the contra-rotating rotors.

She later recounted: "Professor Focke and his technicians standing below grew ever smaller as I continued to rise straight up, 50 metres, 75 metres, 100 metres. Then I gently began to throttle back and the speed of ascent dwindled till I was hovering motionless in midair. This was intoxicating! I thought of the lark, so light and small of wing, hovering over the summer fields. Now man had wrested from him his lovely secret."

Throughout the Third Reich era the pilot was devoted to National Socialism. She worshipped Adolph Hitler with such passion that she begged to be allowed to perish with him in the Berlin bunker. This she thought preferable to suffering the humiliation of cruel torture at the hands of the Allies. A number of the Reich leadership had or were ready to deny the victors their Soviet-style show trial justice.

Admiral Husband E. Kimmel, U.S.N Commander-in-Chief, U.S. Fleet spoke for many hundreds of Allied war commanders in all theatres of war: "The war crimes trials were a reversion to the ancient practice of the savage extermination of a defeated enemy and particularly its leaders."

The fearless pilot flew a sail-plane into the heart of a thunderstorm. Soaring at 100mph she reached 10,500 feet at which point her controls began to freeze. As did her Führer she seemed not only to be God protected but to be aware of it.

A Silesia born petite blonde who, despite her diminutive 5' 1" size, took to the air as a fish takes to water. The skies were her natural habitat. As early as 1931 she set the women's international record for non-stop glider flying. She was in the air for 5.5 hours but broke her own records repeatedly. Reitsch was to extend this achievement to 11.5 hours within 24-months. In 1934 Hanna soared to new heights when she levelled out at an incredible

2,800 metres. Hitler made her an honorary Fight Captain and she became the first woman pilot to be so awarded. Her description for German aircraft was Guardians of the Doors of Peace. Throughout the Reich she was held up as a role model of female achievement. Her fame spread far beyond the borders of her homeland. On her fifth test flight of an ME 163 she crashed. Before falling unconscious she insisted on filling out her flight report. She then five months in hospital before resuming he flight pioneering career.

Towards the war's end Hanna Reitsch in a way became the only flier to survive suicide flights. The V-1 unmanned international ballistic missile, built by the Reich arms industry, was preceded by the V-le. This was a kamikaze missile. A pilot to guide the rocket's true course was essential but it was destined to be a one-way flight. About 9 metres in length it had cockpit and essential instrumentation. The V-le was flown several times by the fearless Hanna. Problems with engine vibration and the unacceptable loss of pilots caused the project to eventually be shelved.

The fearless aviatrix went on to test flight the Fieseler F1 103R manned missile. Basically this was a manned V-1 powered by the same engine. It was designed to inflict maximum damage on allied troops gathering in the South of England as they prepared for the invasion of Europe. The concept called for the manned missile to be carried by a parent aircraft. Upon release, and with its final destination in its sights, the missile pilot would bale out. Chances of survival were considered remote as the canopy would block the missile's inlet.

After two disasters Hanna Reitsch and fellow test pilot Heinz Kensche were assigned to the project. Flying the missile-aircraft was not in itself too arduous. Landing it was far more problematical as it was never designed for its return. Despite the German High Command's baulking at the potential loss of heroic pilots no less than 70 German aviators did in fact volunteer to fly the Fieseler F1 103 missile. Hanna Reitsch was one of the first volunteers to give her life in this way. In fact, the entire concept was the inspiration of Flugkapitan Hanna Reitsch and SS-Haupsturmfuhrer Otto Skorzeny.

As Germany faced the destruction and wrath of the allied armies closing in the unfaltering Hanna Reitsch soared high over shattered Berlin. In doing so she was searching for an escape route for the besieged Adolph Hitler. Landing on an improvised airstrip situated on Berlin's Tiergarten her light aircraft was under constant fire from Red Army troops. By the time they landed their light aircraft her companion Robert Ritter von Greim had been wounded by ground fire. Soon after landing, she and her companion picked their way through the debris and incoming fire to reach the bunker of the Reich's Chancellery. On reaching the Führer's refuge, Robert von Greim was promoted to General Field Marshall. Both fliers were provided with cyanide pills, which they accepted. Both officers prepared themselves to spend their last moments and die together with the Führer. The German leader steadfastly refused their offer to share in his fate. Reluctantly, on April 28 1945, the pair returned to their aircraft through the ongoing battle for Berlin. As their aircraft took to the air Red Army troops, perhaps presuming the German leader to be aboard, attempted but failed to bring the aircraft down.

Upon the defeat of National Socialist Germany, Hanna Reitsch and Generaloberst Robert Ritter von Greim, found themselves in the hands of American Intelligence Officers. The two repeated the same answer when asked why they had left the Führer bunker: "It was

the blackest day when we could not die at our Führer's side." Hanna Reitsch added with high spirits, "We should all kneel down in reverence and prayer before the altar of the Fatherland."

When asked to explain what she meant by 'altar' she replied: "Why, Why, the Führer's bunker in Berlin."

Hanna was held and interrogated for eighteen months. Her companion, von Greim took his own life three weeks after capture. Hanna's father took the lives of her mother, her sister, and her sister's children before taking his own life. Death was far preferable to the fate that awaited the family, including children, had they fallen into the hands of the invaders from the east. Winston Churchill, Britain's unelected Prime Minister, when taken to task on the fate of Eastern Territory Germans, had replied: "Stalin will see to them."

Following her eventual release Hanna settled down in what could be salvaged of the once great city Frankfurt am Main. There were no employment opportunities. Of the many draconian constrictions on the German people in their own country a ban on their flying was one of them. When the ban on glider flying was lifted in 1952 Hanna Reitsch won third place in the World Gliding Championships in Spain.

Aviator Hanna Reitsch

Did she take the Führer's cyanide end?

The pilot continued to break glider records, including the women's altitude record of 6,848 metres. She was German champion in 1955. In the years following the war she met many international heads of state. Indian Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru invited Reitsch to India with an invitation to found a gliding school and centre. In 1961 she was invited by John F. Kennedy, a known admirer of Adolph Hitler, to visit him in the White House. Between 1962 and 1966 she lived in Ghana where she founded the first black African national gliding school.

Hanna Reitsch was 58 years old when she earned the Diamond Badge. From there on, with not a thought for retirement, she continued to break records across the world. She

won helicopter flying championships.

The indomitable woman aviator was interviewed several times in respect of her service to Hitler's Reich. Hanna is quoted as saying: "And what have we now in Germany? A land of bankers and car makers. Even our great army has gone soft. Soldiers wear beards and question orders. I am not ashamed to say I believed in National Socialism. I still wear the Iron Cross with Diamonds Hitler gave to me. But today in all Germany you can't find a single person who voted Hitler into power. Many Germans feel guilty about the war. But, they do not explain the real guilt that we lost."

For years after the war's end Hanna Reitsch was consistently invited to assist in the publication of her biography. She was offered a fortune in royalties that would have transformed her life. There was a catch. In her doing so it was a condition for her to lace her biography with criticism of Adolph Hitler and the Third Reich. Hanna Reitsch steadfastly refused. As a consequence her biography was never penned.

Following a heart seizure, Hanna Reitsch died in Frankfurt on August 24 1979. Was it a heart attack that took her? On balance such an end to her life at just 67 years of age was unlikely. The bravest of aviators the world had ever known did leave behind a clue. One of her professional friends was the British test pilot, Eric Brown. He had known and admired Hanna since before the war. Shortly before her death he received a letter from her. In it she reminisced about their shared love of flying. The letter ended with the enigmatic words: "It began in the bunker and there it shall end."

There was much speculation as to the meaning of her words. However, few new Hanna Reitsch as well as did Eric Brown. In his opinion it was an enigmatic reference to a suicide pact the then young flier had made with Robert Ritter von Greim. This was the gallant companion who had accompanied her through the ruins of the Reich in their last minute futile attempt to save the life of the embattled Führer.

Hanna was known to have kept the cyanide pill given to her by Adolph Hitler. She and her companion are believed to have made a suicide pact, which he was to carry out within weeks. It is thought that she and her officer companion had been her lover. The death of ace pilot Hanna Reitsch was announced before the British test pilot had the opportunity to respond to her letter. It led him to speculate that she had finally committed to her pact and that she had taken the suicide pill. Strangely or not so strangely there was no post mortem carried out on the heroine's body.

Women were not permitted to serve on the front-lines. However, untold numbers did so. It was of course necessary for their deception to be convincing. Typically their hair was cut in the style of men and they adopted male mannerisms. Here, a female has been exposed by her Canadian captors.

GERMANY

Günther Prien

U-BOAT COMMANDER EXTRAORDINARY

16 January 1908 – Presumed 7 March 1941

Günther Prien U-Boat Commander

Daring and opportunism by a German u-boot skipper sent the pride of Britain’s Royal

Navy, the battleship Royal Oak to the bottom of Scapa Flow. This island haven, a fortress harbor on Scotland's west coast, was used by Britain's navel forces from which Royal Navy ships attacked German shipping in the North Sea. The facts are well documented in respect of this humiliating disaster that befell this great British warship ship and many of its ratings. There could however be no question, during or after the war, of giving the German armed forces for any credit for such valour. One can well imagine that had a British submarine as daringly penetrated an impregnable harbor used by the Kriegsmarine there would be more television repeats than there have been for The Great Escape and The Sound of Music. Such is the nature of war being written by the victors.

On 4 October 1939, under a clear night sky, U-boot U-47 commander Lieutenant Gunther Prien skillfully steered his submarine through the eastern channels of this heavily defended naval redoubt. There was irony to the impending exploit. It was in the same almost landlocked harbor that many of Germany's fighting ships, when surrendering at the end of World War One, were impertinently scuttled by their ships officers rather than allow their use to the British foes. Gunther Prien would have been well aware that in entering the unassailable Royal Naval lair he ran an extra risk. If he was to fail in his objective then he would be handing the British a propaganda coup that would settle an old score. It was a risk he felt obliged to take.

Furthermore, with what he was about to do, it is inconceivable that Lieutenant Prien could expect to escape swift and lethal revenge. The odds against his submarine's escape were heavily stacked against him. For him the prize must have seemed well worth death. Moving silently on the surface to avoid submarine nets the German commander steered his submarine through the narrow rocky channels of one of the world's most heavily protected naval citadels.

On each side of his lurking craft, clearly silhouetted against the night sky and island escarpments, were Royal Navel block ships. The purpose of the lock ships was to act as sentinels to protect the pride of Britain's navy concealed from the open seas. One can imagine the tension as the U-boat crew, in the darkness ahead, spotted the pride of the British Royal Navy, Royal Oak swinging at anchor. At first the German submarine crew thought they had discovered HMS Repulse. There was hardly a whisper on board U-47 as a salvo of three torpedoes was released and destined to wreak havoc. Their Royal Navy target was fortunate. Only one of the three lethal torpedoes hit their target. This caused little damage to the formidable British behemoth.

Such was the complacency of their well defended and protected position, Royal Naval officers investigating the reverberating sound concluded the explosion originated inside the ship and raised no alarm. Undeterred, the U-boat commander reloaded his tubes and let loose another salvo. Two were to lethally hit their intended victim. Within 13 minutes the pride of the Royal Navy had capsized with massive loss of life. Amidst the confusion that followed Commander Gunther Prien's U-47 submarine slipped unnoticed through the harbour defenses. In the records of naval warfare it was evidence of one of the most audacious sea raids in naval history.

On reaching Germany the gallant skipper was received as a national hero. Feted, he was awarded the Iron Cross First Class for his outstanding seamanship and courage. From the British side, what followed were a cacophony of sneers, cheap insults, and red herrings,

fifth columnists and spies again being blamed for the humiliating catastrophe.

GERMANY

THE NIGHTINGALES OF WAR

LALE ANDERSEN

23 March 1905 – 29 August 1972

For most of the rest of us World War Two is a fading memory or something we have learned from by reading the victors accounts of this terrible conflict. Never to be forgotten are the four women singers who evoke the troubled period like no other.

For the Allies there was Gracie Fields, Vera Lynn and collaborator Marlene Dietrich. For the Axis Lale Andersen is probably the best remembered and internationally adored. Through a quirk of fate both Britain's Gracie Fields and Germany's Marlene Dietrich were exiled from their homelands due to their being perceived as turncoats. Dietrich was the ultimate anti-hero. Her degenerate lifestyle, that reflected the debauchery of 1920s Berlin, left her little choice but to opt for a country more suited to her sexual tastes than was Hitler's Germany.

Dietrich's reputation as a predatory and insatiable bi-sexual was carefully airbrushed out of her American image. Almost certainly a drug addict she frequented homosexual parties catering for every imaginable debauchery as did Winston Churchill, Lord Beaverbook, author Somerset Maugham, playwright Noel Coward; indeed, as did many of the Westminster elite.

Of the four wartime nightingales Dietrich was the only singer whose life ended in ignominy. She died of kidney failure aggravated by her alcoholism. There were few visitors during her final years. Those attending her funeral fell far short of what one might have expected of a songstress whose name was synonymous with the term Uncle Sam. Attempts to rehabilitate her in her native land ended in failure and a plan to have a Berlin street named after her was dropped amidst public protest. Spurned by her native land her final tour of Germany lost money. The United States, her adopted country, turned its nose up when offered her estate. American institutions had no interest in it.

Destined to be the ultimate feminine icon of the war years, Lale Andersen was little known outside wartime Germany. As a Berlin cabaret artiste during the 1930s the chanteuse was to record the Franz Leip poem called The Song of a Young Soldier. This poem had been renamed Lili Marlene and set to music in 1938 by composer Norbert Schultze. Andersen's recording of Lili Marlene was to bring her international acclaim.

From 1945 to 1952 Lale Andersen was largely forgotten, considered to be a phantom of Germany's pre-war troubled past. Renewed prosperity and confidence in Hitler's reborn Germany was the backdrop to the song Die blaue Nacht am Hafen. She herself had penned the lyrics. The ballad was an instant hit as was Ein Schiff wird kommen composed in 1959. The German singer was awarded a Gold Album for each of these songs.

With the prejudices and bitterness of war largely forgotten Lale Andersen took part in the 1961 Eurovision Song Contest. She reached position 13. Adored both at home and abroad Andersen completed a world tour during the 1960s. Her book, The Sky Has Many Colours topped Der Spiegel magazine best-selling list.

A beautiful woman and the loveliest of singers Lale Andersen will always be synonymous with the lonely soldier's poem to his sweetheart, The Song of a Young Soldier. This was penned on a scrap of paper in his barracks shortly before his being posted to the Russian front.

The song Lili Marlene was in fact a poem-song about two young women. Lili was Hans Leip's own sweetheart. Marlene was a young nurse who was dating his comrade-in-arms. By another quirk of fate the only other famous Marlene was the turncoat Dietrich, but Marlene was never her real name. Dietrich was born Marie Magdalene. The Marlene is made up of the first and last letters of her Christian names.

Lili Marlene, before the outbreak of war, was a poem of little significance. When its haunting words were first put to music its sales numbered less than 700 discs. These discs would, if any survived, be worth a fortune. As the war moved on to 1941, in German occupied Yugoslavia, Radio Belgrade broadcast Lale Andersen's Lili Marlene as a space filler. There were no commercial breaks back then. The response to the ballad played over the air on German forces airwaves took everyone by surprise. Soon, her song was listened to and enthusiastically adopted not only by the Afrika Korp but by the British Eighth Army too. Forces favourites Anne Shelton and Vera Lynn both sang Lili Marlene during BBC broadcasts to British troops serving in the various theatres of war. The ballad has since been translated into 48 languages and it was to become the most popular wartime song ever recorded, a record unlikely to be broken. As a singer, Lale Andersen was still performing when in her sixties. She remained enduringly beautiful and elegant when tragically, by today's life expectations, this beautiful singer died of a heart attack.

The political leaning of professional artistes is often a matter of some dispute between purists of one side or the other. What is often forgotten is artistes; singers, actors, musicians, as are doctors, obliged to be colour blind in their political persuasions. Often forgotten too, artistes of all nationalities tend to be individualistic and often temperamental.

Adolph Hitler's distaste for the relentless international campaign waged against him by the

organised Jewish Diaspora was never allowed to alter his respect for performers and artistes regardless of their race, religion or creed. The only exceptions to the rule were those who, like Dietrich, blatantly aided the war efforts of Germany's enemies.

Other internationally adored singers of the Reich included 'dream couple' Lilian Harvey and Willi Fritsch. Harvey's father was German, her mother English. During her rise to international fame, like most Berlin-based performers, the actress-singer had little choice but to associate and befriend Jewish impresarios. Lilian Harvey was to later appear in Los Angeles and working as a nurse. Towards her end she was managing a souvenir shop in the South of France. Like Dietrich she died of kidney failure.

One of the greatest singers and actresses of the Reich period was Hilde Hildebrand, a card-carrying National Socialist. After the war she was arrested by the allies, interned by the Russians, very badly treated and repeatedly raped. The popular wartime singer was released in 1947. Hilde Hildebrand passed away in 1976 at her home that is situated in Berlin-Grunewald. She was by then lonely and forgotten. Lizzi Waldmuller lost her life as a consequence of an allied air raid on Vienna. She was Austrian by birth and nationality.

GERMANY
AS FAR AS MY FEET WILL CARRY ME
PRIVATE CORNELIUS ROST
(CLEMENS FORRELL)
27 March 1919 – 18 October 1983

There simply is no equal escape to equal that of Clemens Forrell. His was undoubtedly the greatest land escape of all time. His is the story of a young German lieutenant captured on the Eastern Front by the Russians. With tens of thousands of captured German prisoners-of-war and later, surrendered German slaves whom were handed to the Soviet Union by the victorious allies as reparations, Clemens Forell was sentenced to twenty-five years penal servitude in the Siberian lead mines. If you ever come across a book entitled As Far as my Feet will Carry Me, as narrated to J. M Bauer, pick it up and treasure it.

It is also available in DVD. Although movies, in my opinion cannot be as good as the book it is nevertheless a compelling viewing experience with an ending guaranteed to break the coldest of hearts. This is the true account of the soldier's fate after he was captured. The convicted spent several years as a slave labourer digging far underground in the Soviet lead mines. This is the most demonic environment imaginable. Very few survived Stalin's Gulag who might tell the tale. Eventually the young captive made the amazing decision to walk home to Germany or to die in the attempt. He was going to die anyway. He might as well end his life in the tundra as in the misery of the mines. Assisted by a doctor Forrell set out. He was too ill-equipped and lacking in provisions to trek through 8,000 miles of enemy occupied land home to his native Germany.

During his incredible journey Forell suffered untold hardships. He learned how to live off the tundra of hostile Siberian wastes. He repeatedly fell ill and somehow recovered. Ever onwards, through the most hostile wildernesses on earth he wandered in the general direction of Germany towards the west. This hostile environment is as long as is the Atlantic Ocean is wide. During his odyssey the escapee often fell in with nomadic tribes. Forell arrived at the edges of lakes large enough to be better described as seas, he was confronted by rivers so broad it was impossible to see their far banks. As he made his incredible journey through the Siberian wilderness and its bitterly cold environment the officer occasionally fell in with brigands and criminals. They too were keeping one step

ahead of the Soviet secret police and informers who might betray them at any moment. Such men would kill for the meagre contents of a fellow traveller's pockets. Forrell worked at lumber camps, he would then wander on always following the rise and fall of the east to West sun. On numerous occasions he was within a hair's breadth of being identified as an escapee, returned to the Gulag or shot on the spot.

At one stage the young prisoner-of-war roamed the Siberian forests and tundra in the company of a desperate band of Russian criminals. After gaining his trust these brigands conspired to murder him. Barely surviving, one step ahead of capture, week in and month out, the convict was always on the run from the ever oppressive presence of the notorious Narodny Kommisariat Vnutrennikh Del NKVD. Stealing, living off his wits, charity, often starving, ill and close to death, he grimly contrived to drift southwards and westwards until three years later he … read it yourself.

The British mainstream newspaper Daily Herald described the book, As Far as my Feet Will Carry Me, as one of the most fantastic episodes of human courage and endurance ever written. The Observer: 'The book stands out in the readers' memory with moving, tragically and sometimes frightening impressiveness.'

The escapee's biographer says, "The whole story was so nightmarish, the incidents and situations he claimed to be true so incredible, and that kept on raising doubts, yielding only to the stubbornness with which he stuck to history or to corroboration from other sources. Time and again, when I did turn elsewhere for corroboration his story was confirmed. Such is the epic that be warned you will not put it down the whole night through.

SWITZERLAND

THE ONE WHO GOT AWAY

BARON FRANZ VON WERRA

13 JULY 1914 – 25 October 1941

Of the great escapes during and after World War Two there were two German escapes that become legendary. Both were turned into unmissable movies though each of these are viewed with the more balanced and informed background by reading the books of these sagas. I seem to recall that the escape of Luftwaffe fighter pilot Oberleutnant Franz von Werra was said to be the only successful German POW escape. This is not true. There were thousands of successful and unsuccessful escapes from allied prisoner-of-war camps, mainly American and French, during and after World War Two.

What is often overlooked is that, for the Germans the war did not end on May 8, 1945. There was no end of the war for millions enslaved after being transferred to the USSR as reparations and who were sooner or later to die in captivity. Over a million captive Europeans, mostly German, were to die whilst in captivity in French, British and American concentration camps.

For the eleven unfortunate Eastern European nations, including East Germany, handed over to Stalin's Soviet Union by the victorious allies, their ordeal never ended until 1989. Their war lasted from 1939 - 1989, a horrifying 50 year ordeal under oppression, secret police, torture, death, gross violations of human rights and lack of democracy.

This was one of the most awful periods of hatred towards one's fellow man in the course of human history. This outcome was the outcome of agreements forged by Soviet dictator Josef Stalin, the unelected and unelectable Winston Churchill. During conferences he was often too inebriated to think let alone talk. Then there was the United States President, President Franklin D. Roosevelt. He too was inclined to over tipple. He died during a stroke preceded by an agonising stab of pain in his head.

Baron Franz von Werra (born July 13**,** 1914) and sister Emma were born into a well to do Swiss family of German blood who had fallen on hard times. As was the law of the time relatives were obliged to offer assistance. Responsibility for the care of the two siblings was transferred to aristocratic German relatives. It would mean financial survival and the knowledge that the two children would receive comfortable security and education. Given his privileged background it was hardly surprising that Franz, on becoming a young man wasn't short on self-esteem. At 22-years old he joined the Luftwaffe and later was to see action in May when serving with the Jagdgeschwader 3 during the French campaign.

A highly regarded officer von Werra was promoted to Adjutant of 11 Gruppe JG 3. Ever the showman, pictures of him cuddling the unit's mascot, a lion cub named Simba, appeared in the German press. Later, engaged in the Battle of Britain, he relished the destruction of nine RAF fighters, five of which were sitting targets on their airfield. He was regarded as a bit of a show off and rather full of himself. If he was over confidant he would soon prove that there was some justification for his cocky self assuredness. After his capture, a German prisoner-of-war was to say of him, "He was an honest and pleasant young man, a bit of a showman with a wonderful imagination, but a reliable and honest chap."

Franz Von Werra was first captured on September 5, 1940. His aircraft had been shot down over the Kent countryside by Pilot Officer Basil Gerald Stapleton of 603 Squadron. Countryside farm employees later told of how they were working in the fields when they heard and saw a low flying German fighter. Its landing wheels were still tucked into its fuselage and the disabled fighter was following the contours of the meadows they were working in. The aircraft made a crash landing less than half a mile distant from where they were working.

Arrested with just bruises and a hurt pride, Franz von Werra was taken to police HQ at Maidstone in Kent. From there he made his first attempt at escaping. He was picked up by a British Army squad and on this occasion he was transferred to the barracks in the same town. He was not to be their guest for very long. The prison's latest arrival was soon afterwards transferred to what was known as the London District Prisoner of War Cage. At this location and at others he was interrogated for several weeks. He then learned that he was to be transferred to Camp No.1 Grizedale Hall in Cumbria. This region of North-West England is known for its rugged and remote countryside. It is the perfect wilderness for those who want to escape far from the madding crowd.

The young fighter pilot retained his cockiness and good humour. He thought at the time that it would only be a matter of weeks before Britain sued for peace. Always up for a challenge he determined on an escape strategy anyway. Within days of his arrival at Grizedale he put his plans before the Escape Committee; German prisoner-of-war camps had them too.

There was nothing too spectacular planned. Each afternoon the prisoners-of-war were taken in a group on walks through the countryside. Typically these parties would be escorted by ten armed guards plus an officer and two NCOs. Between the conspiring officers it was agreed that a distraction would be arranged once they were in the countryside. Franz Von Werra, taking advantage of it, would clamber over a stone wall and take cover until the party had moved on. This would allow him three hours of light to lie low and to then, during nightfall, put as many miles between himself and the POW camp as was possible.

All went to plan. As soon as prudence allowed him to do so he took off across the dales and moors of Cumbria. The landscapes were broken only by stone walls and occasional stone built sheds called Hogarths. Sheep farmers used these stone sheds to store their tools of the trade in. They were particularly useful as a shelter when the weather turned exceptionally bad. At the onset of winter that could be counted upon. As soon as the head count revealed the missing prisoner there was the hue and cry. Methodically members of

the Home Guard searched the hills and inspected every Hogarth they could find. On October 10**,** 1940 the search party struck lucky when their torchlight beams picked out the frozen German officer in his hiding place in the remote building.

There was no protest from von Werra as he allowed his hands to be tied behind his back. The small group then set off in the gathering darkness to take their prisoner home. As the guardsmen and their prisoner set out for the camp the lamp-carrying Home Guardsmen also held firmly to the cord holding the young flyer's wrists together. There was no reason for him to think escape possible, perhaps the rookie soldier dropped his guard. He certainly dropped his lamp and his credibility when, with a quick jerk, the captive airman knocked him off balance. Then, deftly freeing himself of the makeshift handcuffs von Werra took off up the hill and disappeared into the forest.

As the Home Guard was largely made up of men judged unfit for active service pursuing the fit young fugitive was likely to be futile. Determined to get their man the local constabulary, now supported by troops and bloodhounds, combed the surrounding hills without making contact. Ironically it was whilst several members of the posse were enjoying a pint at a local pub that they heard a shout that their man had been spotted. By the time they reached the location where the fugitive's silhouette against the skyline had been seen there was just the bleak landscape. The silence of the moorlands was broken only by birdsong.

It seemed the trail had once again gone cold when a Mister Staples, as sharp-eyed as ever, noticed movement in nearby bog reeds. The pursuers realised they were actually standing almost on top of the fugitive. Looking down at their feet they discovered young Franz von Werra lying face upwards with only his face visible in the near freezing water-logged bog. This time the handcuffs were real. Also very real was the Camp Commander's indignation. The hapless escapee was sentenced to 21 days in solitary, time enough for him to contemplate the error of his ways.

With 19 days completed he was handed the few possessions he had and curtly told he was to be transferred to another of Britain's 1,050 prisoner-of-war camps. On this occasion the captured pilot was to be the guest of Hayes Camp 13 in Swanwick, Derbyshire. This region too is known for its remote countryside. Wehrmacht Major Fanelsa, who had helped plan the downed flier's escape from Grizedale before he himself had been transferred, was not in the best of moods when Franz turned up. He sensed trouble ahead and he wasn't to be disappointed.

Von Werra, as were the other prisoners-of-war, found himself confined to the camp's 'garden house'. He soon made friends and as quickly made plans to escape yet again. There was enthusiasm for an escape bid. Others determined to return to the Reich included his Austrian friend, Lieutenant Wagner. Also included in the escape party was Major Heinz Cramer, Lieutenant Walter Manhard and two officers named Wilhelm and Malischewski. These men were dubbed der Swanwick Tiefbau A G.

In the time honoured way of many prisoner-of-war escapes the method chosen for escape was by a 13 metre tunnel. This would provide the escapees with a subterranean route taking them under two perimeter fences and then on to a road running parallel to them. The outlet was a wooded copse situated on fallow ground. The escapees started to dig for

victory on November 17**,** 1940. They were no doubt hoping to be home for Christmas.

As with such methods the disposal of the displaced earth was problematic. Despite their resourcefulness it was soon evident that they were running out of places to rid themselves of the removed soil. It was then they made a lucky find, a sunken well. It was in fact a large tank located out of sight deep underground. This receptacle was more than big enough to take whatever came from the inspired construction of Hitler's latest autobahn. Precisely one month after the plucky prisoners had started to dig for Germany they put their shovels down with a sigh of relief, their mission accomplished.

The Reich now beckoned. The only captive not on the coach tour was Malischewski. The officer had decided to stay put. All those making the escape bid had the necessary props. All looked the part, at least nothing as a blind horse wouldn't notice. Franz von Werra was wearing a flying suit underneath his pyjamas. The night apparel was intended to keep his 'work wear' parade ground spruce. As the huddled group made their final arrangements they could hear in the distance the Luftwaffe's bombers overhead. Accompanying them the stabbing of searchlights and a 'please go away' serenade of salvoes from the English anti-aircraft batteries.

With good humour and comradeship the gathered captives broke into song, 'Muss i den, Muss i den, um Stadtli Hinaus' (I must away into the great wide world). This song was immortalised by Elvis Presley when the lyrics were changed to A Wooden Heart.

As the escapees successfully negotiated their underground autobahn all seemed too good to be true. Upon their escape they would walk to Somercoates, then catch a bus to Nottingham. This would take them on to the East Coast from where escape across the North Sea might be possible. Given hindsight it is difficult to see how this might be accomplished. One has to admire confidence even when it is misplaced. The group shook hands in the darkness of the woodland copse and then went their separate ways. There were cheery promises to meet up at their favourite watering holes in Berlin.

Unfortunately for Cramer, he didn't quite make it. He only reached South Normanton where he had his collar felt whilst stealing a policemen's bicycle. Manhard, on his own, caught a bus and was captured in Sheffield. Willhelm and von Werra's Austrian friend Wagner were caught entering Manchester hidden in the rear of a truck. For them the war was over but von Werra's war was still going strong. The German airman had settled on what he would describe as a master plan. Wearing his flying suit and posing as a Dutch pilot in the service of the allies he intended to bluff his way on to an RAF base and steal a plane.

He had worked hard and prepared well. His English was certainly fluent enough to get him by. He had absorbed the content of every newspaper he could lay his hands on. He was now an expert on current affairs and sport viewed from the British perspective. He was also aware that British bombers carried out their work at night.

Franz remained in hiding until well before dawn. Then, having made his way to a nearby railway line he chanced upon a train driver. To him he explained that he was Captain van Lott, a member of the Royal Netherlands Air Force and had been assigned for duty with the Royal Air Force. He then explained to the railwayman that he was returning from a bombing raid. His aircraft had been so badly damaged that he had not quite made it back

to base. Could the train driver help or direct him to the nearest RAF base.

His asking to be directed to a Royal Air Force base removed any doubt the railwayman may have had. There was no reason to question the stranger's account. Soon afterwards Von Werra fund himself at Codnor Park Station signal box where he was left in the care of signalman R. W. Harris. As impudent as ever the flying ace asked for the use of the telephone. He wished to call the nearest base to have a car sent to pick him up.

As there wasn't a telephone at the signal box the escaping pilot had no choice but to await the arrival of Sam Eaton, the booking clerk. There was a telephone in his booking office. When Mr. Eaton arrived he listened to the young foreigner's explanation but was unconvinced. He thought it might be better if the constabulary were called instead. The look on von Werra's face but his arrogance persisted and eventually he got his way. RAF Hucknall was the nearest base. A car was sent to collect Luftwaffe Air Ace Herr Franz von Werra.

In fact the police had got wind of his presence and they arrived before the car sent by the base turned up. To the rural constabulary von Werra's story seemed plausible enough. They saw no reason to detain him. When the car sent by the air base arrived at the railway station the guard was armed. Duty Officer Squadron Leader Boniface, stationed at Hucknall, did have his own doubts. The German pilot on the other hand was brimming with confidence. It might be that the flier never suspected that his story was not as easily accepted by the RAF officer as it had been by the railway staff.

On being questioned at the Royal Air Force base von Werra claimed he was based at Dyce Aerodrome situated near Aberdeen in Scotland. The RAF base then got in touch with Dyce Aerodrome and whilst doing so the fugitive officer was asked to produce his identity disc. Disaster had struck. He had anticipated his having to produce such identification. However, the counterfeit disc had melted due to his body heat. As the quick thinking pilot made theatre out of searching for the identity disc he asked if he might use the toilet. As soon as the door closed behind him the flier ran off towards the nearest hangar and in doing so he passed the car that had brought him from the railway station.

There was not a soul in sight. As soon as he found himself in the hangar he did discover civilian builders involved in renovations. Looking at him with some surprise they watched bemused as he slipped confidently between aircraft in various stages of repair. He was disappointed to find most of the aircraft to be bombers. He could fly them but they were totally unsuitable for escape across the North Sea.

Climbing over a security fence he then found himself in the adjacent Rolls Royce factory. Once there he spotted a number of parked Hurricane fighter planes. Before he could reach one of the aircraft he was intercepted by several mechanics. He was politely but firmly invited to accompany them to first sign the visitors book. The aircraft mechanic who took him to the office assumed von Werra to be one of the ATA ferry pilots who were often at the base. It was their job to fly the Hurricanes to various bases around Britain. Whatever it was that the German pilot said or did to arouse suspicion we will never learn. Suffice to say that he was aware by now that he was attracting the wrong kind of attention.

In for a penny, in for a pound, the Luftwaffe officer quietly slipped away and told a different mechanic he had been instructed to take a test fight by the station's Commanding

Officer, Squadron Leader Boniface. The mechanic, having given the escapee a summary of the aircraft's controls, went off to assist by bringing up a trolley accumulator to help start the aircraft's engine. As the Baron awaited in the aircraft's cockpit for the mechanic's return he looked up from the Hurricane's controls. As he did so he stared straight into the barrel of the revolver in the Royal Air Force officer's grip. Curtly, Squadron Leader Boniface ordered him out of the aircraft. For Baron Franz von Werrra the war was finally over. Resigned to his fate he was accompanied to the adjutant's office where he came clean.

In due course his escort arrived and he was returned to Hayes Prison Camp where he was banged up for 14 days in solitary. This was probably just as well for the airman had much to think about. There was a little light relief when he and his fellow malcontents were allowed their Christmas dinner and, in the spirit of things, a little wine too.

The following month he and the other prisoners-of-war were informed that they were soon to be on the move again. This time they were going to Canada. Under heavy escort the German prisoners-of-war soon had the opportunity to become acquainted with Greenock on the River Clyde situated not too far from Glasgow.

The acquaintanceship with the shipbuilding city was not to last long for soon after their arrival they were boarding the SS Duchess of York. It is difficult to say if Baron Franz von Werra was so enchanted with Greenock as to wish he could stay there. Perhaps not but he did know that the Fatherland was far closer to Scotland than it was from Canada. The Baron never gave up hope to slip his captors, he was the consummate escapee.

On January 12, 1941, the vessel carrying its 1,250 mostly German prisoners-of-war, and almost the same number of Royal Air Force cadets en route for training, set sail from the Scottish port. It must have been with a considerable sigh of relief that the escorting party saw the airman safely and securely on his way. The flying ace had been placed on special guard on the 300 mile journey from Derbyshire to Glasgow. Canada was soon to welcome him but whether the sentiment was returned is debatable.

By the time von Werra had settled into Cabin 35 his compulsion to do a runner was so strong that fantasy to make good his escape took over reality. It had not escaped his notice that the convoy was being escorted by several Royal Navy warships. One of these was the Revenge-Class battleship HMS Ramillies. This was the only warship to serve in both World Wars. The pride of the Royal Navy had what he would consider a notorious history. It was one of the two warships Winston Churchill had ordered up the River Mersey during the national strike. Ostensibly it was moored off the Second City of Empire's Pier Head in order to bring supplies. There was a darker reason for its ominous presence on the River Mersey. It was there to fire upon the striking workers if need be. The HMS Ramillies was by far the slowest of the Allied and Axis warships serving at this time. This must have made her something of a sitting duck.

One of the pilot's hare-brained schemes was to join with others to take the SS Duchess of York by force in the event of the escorts breaking off after their having partially completed their Atlantic escort duties. It was probably just as well that opportunity to make such an attempt never arose. Eventually the ship's passengers, both the willing and the unwilling, disembarked at Halifax in Nova Scotia.

From there the prisoners-of-war were boarded on trains. On their boarding their train the airman was to understand that he and other officers would soon find themselves in a prisoner-of-war camp on the north shores of Lake Ontario. The Baron was well informed enough to know that this lake and region bordered the United States, which was then, ostensibly at least, still held neutral status.

The airman then decided to relieve the train carriage of one of its passengers. A major problem was the point of exit. The only possibility was the carriage's window. However, this was placed impossibly high in the compartment and was so narrow it would be difficult to get his head let alone his body through. This being the case there was little need for the windows to be barred. Being January presented other difficulties. The windows of the train were firmly locked with frozen ice. Undeterred, the pilot got together with others. Together, by holding each other up and taking it in turns to use their body heat to unfreeze the aperture, they managed to dislodge the window. Theirs was a small world. Among the others escapees were his old travelling companions, Manhard, Willhelm and his old friend Wagner.

Their intention was to make good their escape as close as possible to the United States - Canadian border as was possible. Another essential being that evidence of human habitation that may offer opportunity for shelter and food to the fleeing prisoners. The captives decision was to alight somewhere between Montreal and Ottawa. Soon afterwards Montreal was in the locomotive's rear view mirrors so to speak and the prisoners set to work.

When the moment of their hoped for salvation arrived his fellow conspirators, to avoid being spotted by a guard passing along the corridor, held up a blanket as though folding it. Unseen the wily flier then snake-like slithered through the carriage window. Others were to follow his example as the train continued its journey. Holding on tightly to avoid falling under the train wheels von Werra watched and waited for his moment. The night was bitterly cold.

As the train slowed a little to negotiate a bend in the forests the pilot dropped clumsily to the track side. A heavy fall of snow was to cushion his fall. Picking himself up and dusting himself off he watched as the train disappeared into the night and the surrounding wilderness. In the area of Smith Falls the escaping Baron was now just 30 miles from the St Lawrence River. If he could reach the river he might be able to make out its far bank. These would be those of the neutral United States. In total eight prisoners-of-war had joined his escape bid from the train carrying the Axis prisoners-of-war. Seven of them were quickly recaptured.

Picking up a map from a garage he made his way to the River Lawrence, which, much to his delight, was seemingly frozen over. On the great river's far side the escapee could make out the twinkling lights of Ogdensburg. Finding the best place to cross he set out to reach the far banks but was thwarted halfway across when he discovered an unfrozen channel in the middle of the river. Foiled, he had little choice but to return to the river's Canadian bank.

There he found a deserted holiday camp. There too he discovered an upturned rowing boat. Heavy and on his own he found it almost almost impossible to manhandle.

Unwilling to give up so close to his objective he struggled with the craft. Without gaining a hernia he eventually managed to get the heavy boat out to the water's edge. Then, exultantly jumping across its thwarts the escaping flier put his backbone into rowing himself across the great St Lawrence River. The night was brittle cold but the skies clear. On finally reaching an ice bridge to the American shoreline the Luftwaffe pilot set off in the direction of the American town of Ogdensburg.

After so many futile attempts to escape he had finally gained his liberty. Here in neutral America he was assured of some protection. He could not be returned to Canada or to Britain, just yet. His first act on reaching the nearby city of New York was to call in at the police station and there to confess his sins. The pilot had not quite achieved his get out of gaol card. He was now to discover that he was classified as an illegal immigrant and he was charged.

Unsurprisingly, in view of the relationship between the United States and Winston Churchill's Britain, the fleeing flier was concerned as to his future. He had very little precedent to go on. So far only three German prisoners-of-war had successfully escaped from Canada. One of these had returned home to Germany via Japan and Russia. The second had been handed over to the Canadian authorities. Unwilling to share the latter's fate he contacted the German Consulate in New York. By doing so attracted massive media attention. There was in America at the time a great deal of sympathy for Germany. The anti-war movement was vociferous sand it was strong and influential. This was a favourable turn of fortune for the trapped Luftwaffe ace.

Now enjoying something of a movie star status Baron von Werra, the Luftwaffe ace fighter pilot, lapped up his new life as a celebrity. Somehow the attention seemed to make all things worthwhile. Pilot Baron Franz von Werra quickly became something of a cult hero and was in his element when giving radio and Press conferences. He could be forgiven perhaps for a little embellishment here and there. He was not to know that his exploits would be turned into a movie and would be told in books.

The British and Canadian governments were far from amused at this turn of events and the unwanted media interest, the pilot's acclaim. They were now urgently negotiating for his return to either Canada or failing that to Great Britain. Due to the neutral status of the United States this would involve a tedious legal process that would drag on until April 1941. The decision was finally made to return the fleeing prisoner-of-war to Canada. By this time, with a little help no doubt from the consulate, the Luftwaffe bird had flown. On April 18 1941 Franz von Werra arrived in Berlin after travelling home via Mexico, Rio de Janeiro, Barcelona and Rome.

Naturally the German nation made a great fuss of their returning hero. The ace flier was in fact the only Luftwaffe pilot to be personally awarded the Iron Cross by Adolph Hitler. This was not awarded for his flying but for his fame as having successfully escaped much to the humiliation of both Britain and the United States. Baron Franz von Werra was soon afterwards to marry his long-time girlfriend. After the short honeymoon he rejoined his comrades and was placed on active duty on the Eastern Front. There he added further humiliation to Britain by successfully downing many Soviet aircraft.

Although the story of Franz von Werra's escape ends on an inspiring note his story

concludes poignantly. Germany, under constant attack from waves of RAF and USAF air attacks crossing the North and Baltic Seas, the pilot was transferred to fighter patrols guarding the North Sea German defences. During one flight his aircraft engine failed. The engaging and undoubtedly brave airman was lost at sea. Never since has there been a trace of the flier or his aircraft. It seems the flier once again got away.

AUSTRIA

WALTER NOWOTNY

AIR ACE AMONG AIR ACES

7 DECEMBER 1920 – 8 NOVEMBER 1940

WALTER NOWOTNY

"Nowi", "Tiger of Wolchowstroj"

A friend of mine, with an illustrious career in the Luftwaffe behind him, first mentioned to me the exploits of his Luftwaffe comrade, Walter Nowotny. This airman's career is yet another lesson in life. It reminds us of the untapped strengths most people possess. Most of us go through life unaware of our inner strengths and limitless resources simply because they are never tested. At times of great upheaval, especially during world wars, there is revealed the best or the worst in human behaviour. Posterity and their Maker will decide which.

One often wonders, what if so-and-so had not been called upon to serve his or her country during its time of distress? As a young choir boy there was nothing to distinguish the young Walter Nowotny yet propelled by war he was destined to become top gun in aerial combat. It is conceded that the Reich's Luftwaffe fighters were routinely piloted by heroic airmen who were outstanding for their bravery and kill ability. Set against such background Walter Nowotny's short career as a fighter pilot ace was quite remarkable.

The youngster was born December 7, 1920 in Gmünd. This is a typical Austrian small town community nestling in the foothills of Lower Austria. Gmünd is within walking distance from what was then the Czechoslovakia State.

Nowotny, as a student, graduated from a higher vocational school with honours after an excellent start in life as a choir boy at nearby Zwettle Abbey. Walter was just nineteen-years old when he, and an astounded German nation, awoke to hear the breaking news. Turning on their radios they listened silently and intently as the British and French declarations of war were read out over the air on September 3**,** 1939.

Posterity will record that their country, within the constraints of international law and means of resolution, had responded reasonably to the real threat of Polish invasion.

When on September 1, 1939, Germany struck back at Poland, theirs was a just claim that they, the German nation, was defending their borders and their national security. Would England have responded otherwise had the Napoleonic French, on previously occupying England's southern counties, threatened to extend their territorial ambition to take in London and the Home Counties?

In 1939, Germany was responding to decades of anti-German Polish sabre rattling, threats and military incursions. By pre-emptively striking back, the German nation was following the Napoleonic maxim; 'He who hits first hits twice.'

The German armed forces, outraged by the latest of a series of Polish provocations and cross border attacks, responded in kind. Determined to remove the threat to Germany's national security, and no doubt to issue a salutary lesson, the forces of the Reich crossed

the Polish borders. They did so on the night of September 1, 1939. The Soviet Union, just two weeks later, invaded and occupied Northern Poland. One hears very little of this in the victor's account of things.

Was the German attack on Poland necessary, was their action overkill? If you read the propaganda of the victors you may be excused for thinking so. However, looking at matters objectively, one is inclined to judge the German response as reasonable and prudent. Poland, just months earlier invaded neighbouring Czechoslovakia. The war-hungry Poles, with an armed forces greater than that of the British Empire, had already conquered their neighbour in 1938. They had done so with what Winston Churchill described as 'hyena like appetite.'

The Polish High Command's Marshal Rydz-Smigly announced: "Poland wants war with Germany and Germany will not be able to avoid it even if she wants it." His bellicose statements, of which this is only one, was reported in the London published Daily Mail August 6, 1939.

Germany, by the summer of 1939, had every reason to fear a similar invasion by the strident strutting Polish High Command. Their sabre rattling rhetoric was backed by their government in Warsaw. The pre-war Polish regime had been given the green light to act as they may wish; in the event of a hostile response Britain would unconditionally support Poland.

On September 1, 1939, the German Reich pre-emptively struck back. The similarly victimised Czech armed forces joined in too. One never reads much of their involvement as this does not accord with the victors 'unprepared Poland' narrative. For all their bombast and militarised superiority the Polish armed forces fell back before the German / Czech blitzkrieg. By October 6, 1939, the arrogant posturing aggressive Poland was defeated, prostrate, humiliated and divided by both Germany and the Soviet Union.

With the threat of invasion removed the German government was prepared to let matters rest there. At that stage, mission accomplished, the issues with Poland could be regarded as 'satisfactorily dealt with'. No reasonable observer can presume other than Germany's preparation to withdraw after just settlement of the Danzig Corridor issue. The war could satisfactorily have been over and Europe again might settle into its gentle and cultured ways. Not so fast, in order to honour the British and French commitment to aid Poland, in the event of their being invaded by Germany, Paris and Westminster formally declared war on Germany. The venerable British war historian, A. J. P. Taylor, was perfectly right in conceding that Germany fought a defensive, not an aggressive war.

The 'pact' that sealed the arrangement, never in fact proceeded through British parliament, as is constitutionally required. But, when there are massive profits from war to be made who cares about such niceties. Interestingly, the arrangement to come to Poland's aid, if she were to be retaliated against, applied only to Germany. Hence, when the USSR likewise invaded their troublesome pit-bull neighbour the British Fleet Street Press looked elsewhere for news.

As did many young men in the involved nations the young Walter volunteered to serve his country. He opted for service in the Luftwaffe. By the time he reached his twentieth birthday he had been flying for two months. Then, as a qualified and somewhat

experienced fighter pilot he was 19 months later posted to Jagdgeschwaer on the Eastern Front where he was to join the 'Grunherz' JG54 Group.

Within weeks the daring fighter pilot had downed his first Russian J18. Things didn't always go the young fighter pilot's way. On his 24th mission he was shot down and ended up in the Bay of Riga. There is nothing tropical about the Baltic Sea at any time of the year. For three days Nowotny clung to life in a small dinghy. On one occasion, he was very nearly rammed by a Soviet torpedo boat. Eventually the young airman drifted ashore where he was saved by a Lithuanian fisherman. The fisherman's action was a kindly deed that would be repaid many times over. Lithuania, like neighbouring Estonia and Latvia, Poland too, was to be later handed over to Stalin's slave empire by Winston Churchill and Franklin D. Roosevelt.

The twenty-one year old pilot was destined to become one of the most highly decorated hero fighter pilots of the Third Reich. One had to be pretty special to become the cream of the Luftwaffe's formidable gladiators of the skies.

As a person there was nothing that separated Nowotny from his airmen comrades. A typical fun loving young man, he was humble in his outlook and airily dismissive of his victories. There was an easygoing self confidence about him. Stationed in Vilnius, Lithuania's capital, the fighter pilot was thoroughly enjoying his war. He was celebrating his 250th downing of an enemy plane when, on October 19**,** 1943, he was called to the telephone. At the other end of the line was the German Reich's Chancellor, Adolph Hitler. The person to person call was to personally thank the German leader's congratulations. During the telephone call he learned that he was to be awarded the Knight's Cross with Diamonds. This was one of the highest honours one could hope top receive. Only seven other officers earned the Knights Cross with Diamonds.

My friend, Willi (Wilhem Ludwig Kreissmann) describes the conditions in which they fought over the north Baltic Sea. "On June 19, 1943 a Russian anti-aircraft shell exploded over the plastic cupola of my He111 A! +BR-3rd squadron KG 53. We were at the time high in the skies above the bridge head of Wolhoffstroj. The shell blast killed my wireless operator Eugen Merz. It also ripped a gaping hole in the fuselage and damaged my aircraft's rudder.

"I received the order to drop my bombs and shear away from the group of FW 190 fighter planes of the 'Gruenherz' wing. First Lieutenant Nowotny`s group was on my wing's side. As so often the 'Gruenherzler' of JG 54, grouped around Trautloft, Philipp and Walter Nowotny, were controlling the skies above Leningrad around the Ladoga Lake and all the way to the Illmen Lake."

Willi Kreissmann adds: "By the time I flew my first missions on September 1942 as a bomber pilot, Walter Nowotny had cleared the skies of Russian Yaks and the U.S. manufactured Curtis aircraft of the elite Stalin squadron."

After his 56th aerial victory, Walter Nowotny, during September 1942, received his Ritterkreuz (Knight's Cross) A year later, following his 191th victory, he received the rare and coveted Oak Leaves Award. The modest fighter pilot, former choirboy, says, "We were used to success in the skies defending Europe from Stalin's hordes."

Willi Kreissmann adds, "Of special mention is when our group was engaged in aerial

combat in which Nowotny shot down ten Russian fighters on a single day. When his kills reached 220 the Führer awarded my comrade-in-arms Germany's highest honour.

On the Führer's orders Luftwaffe fighter pilot Walter Nowotny was stood down and ordered to leave his fighting wing. Nowotny's notoriety was by this time drawing flak, which was putting other Luftwaffe fighter pilots lives in danger. There was now a price on the young fighter pilot's head. Soon afterwards a telephone call came from Major General Galland. This celebrated fighter pilot, a General of the Jagflieder, was now leading a new German fighter unit. Walter Nowotny was ordered immediately to Berlin – Rechlin.

By early 1944 the Messerschmitt aircraft factories had their ground-breaking twin-engine jet propelled fighter ME 262 coming off the production lines. Walter Nowotny was the chosen fighter pilot selected to create Germany's first jet fighter squadron. The success of the aircraft was touch and go at the time. There were disappointments but by autumn 1944 the squadron had brought down four MOTS, Mosquitoes and Mustangs. Unknown to the Führer, who had wanted the Austrian pilot to be taken off duty and out of the skies, Walter Nowotny made his first kills. The pilot had defied the Führer but he had in the meantime successfully petitioned Reichsmarschall Herman Goering to ask him to lift the grounding order.

At the Autumn end of 1944 Nowotny's 262 Fighter Group was located at Achmer, situated in the north-west corner of Germany. The selection of the location was prudent. It commanded the main air corridors of the allied air armadas as in wave after wave they swept over the Low Countries. They were on a mission to, to incinerate as many German cities and towns, their helpless populations too. There had been precedents that left no one in any doubt as to their aim.

"Our primary purpose is destruction of as many Germans as possible. I expect to destroy every German west of the Rhine and within that area in which we are attacking." General Eisenhower. J. Kingsley Smith (INS) Paris. February 24 1945.

On November 8 1944, Major General Galland called on Walter Nowotny after receiving news of a massive incoming attack. Wave after wave of American bombers was on their way. The group's Messerschmitt force took to the air as Walter Nowotny followed the group's progress from the Command Post. He was at his post when he received the disturbing news that two of his fighter pilots had been shot down.

Leaving his post the Luftwaffe ace quickly located a fighter aircraft and was in the air within minutes. Soon afterwards, now in the thick of a cataclysmic air battle, the ace quickly took revenge by destroying a USAF Liberator bomber and an American Mustang fighter plane. At this point in the life and death struggle he heard his radio crackling into life. Through the din of battle he heard the news telling him there were flames erupting from his aircraft. His fighter, now disabled, was soon afterwards spiralling towards the ground. Walter Nowotny, with no time to lose, opened the aircraft's canopy and during its screaming fierce descent he baled out. Tragically, as he did so, the parachute lines became caught and tangled in the flailing fighter plane's rudder. Both fighter jet and pilot were to meet their tragic end. The date etched on the soul of the Luftwaffe was November 8 1944. The German nation mourned their loss. The young pilot was laid to rest with honours in a special lot in the Central Cemetery of Vienna where his remains lay and which are today

visited by those who respect one of the greatest ever gladiators of the Baltic, Russian and German skies.

During the Soviet occupation of Austria, at the invitation of unelected British premier Winston Churchill and US President Franklin D. Roosevelt, the last resting place of Luftwaffe ace, Walter Nowotny's, was desecrated. Later restored it became a subject of controversy when the city council refused to maintain it.

The Walter Nowotny saga does have a happy ending. I heard from a friend in Vienna. I was informed that Walter Nowotny's last resting place is in the Group of Honour Graves at the Zentrafriedhof. The City Council now denies having refused maintenance of the hero pilot's grave. Since 2003 this special place has been well cared for. On special anniversaries the fighter pilot's memory and story is told in the many wreaths and flowers that adorn the place where he now sleeps. Perhaps, who knows, he is dreaming of soaring high in the skies and helping to deny the rape of Europe to its allied invaders.

Biographic Detail: Luftwaffe Pilot Walter Nowotny was credited with 442 flying missions and 258 victories in aerial combat. Of these 255 were on the Eastern Front and three whilst flying the world's first jet fighters, the Messerschmitt Me 262.

The fighter ace achieved most of his victories in the Focke-Wulf Fw 190 aircraft and approximately 50 triumphs whilst piloting the Messerschmitt Bf 109. His achievements earned him the coveted Ritterkreuz mit Eichenlaub, Schwerten und Brillanten (Knight's Cross with Oak Leaves, Swords and Diamonds). After his death, the Jagdgeschwader 7 unit, the first operational jet fighter wing in history, was renamed Nowotny in his honour.

A LAST APPEAL TO REASON

ADOLPH HITLER APPEALS TO BRITAIN

19 JULY 1940

A LAST APPEAL TO REASON

BY

ADOLF HITLER

Speech before the Reichstag, 19th July, 1940

“In this hour I feel it to be my duty before my own conscience to appeal once more to reason and common sense in Great Britain as much as elsewhere. I consider myself in a position to make this appeal, since I am not the vanquished, begging favors, but the victor speaking in the name of reason. I can see no reason why this war must go on. I am grieved to think of the sacrifices it will claim.

I should like to avert them. As for my own people, I know that millions of German men, young and old alike, are burning with the desire to settle accounts with the enemy who for the second time has declared war upon us for no reason whatever. But I also know that at home there are many women and mothers who, ready as they are to sacrifice all they have in life, yet are bound to it by their heartstrings.

Possibly Mr. Churchill again will brush aside this statement of mine by saying that it is merely born of fear and of doubt in our final victory. In that case I shall have relieved my conscience in regard to the things to come.”

GERMANY

“HE IS UP IN THE HORSE’S LEFT EAR”

ARNO BREKER

19 JULY 1900 – 13 FEBRUARY 1991

Sculptor Arno Breker at Berchtesgadeden

As today we gaze upon images of the iconic neo-classical buildings and stadia of the Third Reich one cannot help but be impressed by the great stone-carved heroic figures displayed. These figures, many of which are colossal in size, depict or are symbolic of the German soul, the folk community. Here you will fine significant sized sculptures of the swastika, motherhood and fatherhood, military and racial comradeship, Olympian sports busts, great stone monuments of homage to the many great German figures across the nation’s history. It is reasonable to suggest that many of these great sculptures, some reaching as high as 20 metres, call to mind earlier great European civilisations.

There was an amusing occasion when, a visitor to the studios of sculptor Arno Breker, asked where he might find the famous sculptor. “He is up in the horse’s left ear,” he was informed.

The work of Professor Josef Thorak and Arno Breker, two of the Reich’s great artists, in achievement, grandeur and scope, rivalled anything of centuries past. Had these two great sculptors not served the German Reich but Greece or Rome they would of course be well recognised and commented upon.

Many of these great statues, nude figures depicting the art form preferred by the National Socialist government and its cultural and art depositories were destroyed by the allies. These two artists creations, if discovered today realise enormous sums of money. It is difficult to imagine newsreel of the period in which these sculptors and others like them art forms are not highly visible and recognisable. The works can be seen at great theatres, art galleries and sports stadium of the period. If you wish to be better aware of their monumental achievements purchase a copy of Olympia, the official film of the 1936 Berlin Olympics.

Josef Thorak and Adolph Hitler's 1889 dates of birth were separated by only seven weeks. Both were Austrian. The sculptor was born in Salzburg. This beautiful Mozart city on the River Salz is a short drive from the small town of Braunnau am Inn where the future leader of Germany was born.

Josef Thorak first came to public notice when, in 1922, he created Der sterbende Krieger. This master-work is a monumental granite statue in memory of the dead of World War One of Stolpmunde. It was perfectly natural that he should later become better acquainted with his craftsman peer Arno Breker. The two were soon to become the official sculptors of the Third Reich. The two men's artistic merits were highly regarded by Adolph Hitler and Albert Speer, the latter responsible for the architectural triumphs of the epoch. Albert Speer was known to refer to Josef Thorak as 'my sculptor.'

Worthy of mention was Thorak's second wife, Erna Thorak. 25-years his junior she was devoted to him throughout her long life. Erna Thorak outlived her husband by 52 years. She passed on as recently as 2004 at the age of 90 years. Her devotion and loyalty to her husband and his works through the very troubled period following the war was officially recognised.

The Josef Thorak Archives in Berlin honoured the deceased artist with a proclamation. 'Erna Thorak was a courageous and strong woman. She has endured with honour and patience all attacks against Josef Thorak, who, after 1945 and until his death in 1952, became a target of evil defamations by the official art world and many politicians, due to his work as artist during the Third Reich for Adolph Hitler and his architect Albert Speer.

'Instead of trying to defend the creative period of her husband during the National Socialist era, Frau Thorak took care of the remaining artistic heritage of the sculptor, who lost all his rights in Germany and Austria after the war. She lived and worked withdrawn from the public spotlight.

'She herself avoided all public appearances in the media, and thus kept misfortune away from the family. All, who knew this conscious, self-willed and charming lady, will keep her in their fond memories. The Thorak Archive is aware of its mission after the departure

of Erna Thorak to keep alive a worthy remembrance about this significant artist of the 20th century.' This incredible giant of classical sculpture, who created such timeless heroic figures, had clearly married one such heroic figure.

ENGLAND / GERMANY

THE ENGLISH WOMAN
WHO WON THE FÜHRER'S HEART
WINIFRED WAGNER

JUNE 23, 1897 – MARCH 5, 1980

"If Hitler were to walk in through that door now, for instance, I'd be as happy and glad to see and have him here as ever. And that whole dark side of him, I know it exists but it doesn't exist for me because I don't know that part of him. You see, the only thing that exists for me in a relationship with somebody is my personal experience.." - Winifred Wagner.

When on occasion the German leader was asked why he remained single he replied simply, 'I am married to Germany.' Without question Adolph Hitler was adored by the ladies. Few men in history had a greater choice of Europe's most beautiful and eligible women than did the Führer. It is a matter of record that his popularity with German women was greater than it was with men, though this was marginal. It would be an easy option to dismiss this as woman's perennial search for a powerful or rich male as a partner. Hitler was never rich and he lived a life of great austerity. He did not have a bank account and the German Chancellor, during all his years of service to the German Reich, never took money from the state. His only indulgences were works of art, which

he purchased with the royalties of his own works.

Nor was it his power that women found in him attractive. The women most attracted to Hitler tended to be rich or powerful in their own right. There was little that could be added by the Führer as a life partner. Women are attracted to intellect. This quality acts as a magnet for the fairer sex.

One such woman was English born Winifred Wagner. Fate had arranged for her marriage into the family of one of the greatest classical composers, Richard Wagner. She was born Winifred Marjorie Williams in the seaside town of Hastings. Winifred was the daughter of a writer, John Williams who was married to her mother, Emily. Winifred lost both parents by the time she had reached two years of age. Then, until she was ten-years old she was brought up in a number of homes before being adopted by a distant German relative of her mother. Henrietta Karop and her musician husband Karl Klindworth, were close friends of the gifted German composer Richard Wagner.

At this time, Adolph Hitler was a penniless and largely unemployed eighteen-year old. Winifred was far from her own maturity. At 17-years of age she met Siegfried Wagner, the great composer's only son. The two were married a year later. Her much older husband was 45-years of age whose life would end in 1930. Siegfried and his wife Winifred had four children. She was to take on more than their children single handed. It was upon her husband's death that she would assume responsibility for the annual Wagnerian Bayreuth Festival.

Meanwhile Adolph Hitler, a consummate admirer of Wagner's compositions, was very much engaged at the time in his struggle for German hearts and minds. Winifred met Adolph Hitler in 1923 following the failed Munich Beer Hall putsch. There was much about Wagner's operas that symbolised the future German leader's struggle. One need read the Ring of the Niberlungen (Der Ring des Niberlungen) to read a parallel alternative to Mein Kampf.

Before Adolph Hitler entered politics, and the likely reason for him doing so, was said to be a form of visitation, prophecy or inspiration during a visit to the opera. There the future German leader was racked with emotion on his experiencing Richard Wagner's opera Rienzi. The saga is based on the life of Cola di Rienzi, who was a medieval Italian social revolutionary. From humble beginnings Cola di Rienzi constantly outwits and betters the nobility and ecclesiastical establishment of the period. In doing so he eventually returns true democratic principles to the people. As a consequence the mythical character is universally adored for his liberating the people from the travails and taxes imposed upon them. However, Cola di Rienzi is no match for the forces of darkness. The people are subverted and then then turn against him. As the flames of what can only be described as the period's regime change, their previously adored leader is consumed by the flames of wrath ignited by those Cola di Rienzi had earlier ousted from power.

Winifred Wagner with the German Chancellor

Opera, and in particular Richard Wagner, was to become an integral part of Hitler's life. It was the National Socialist government that put new life into the Bayreuth and the Salzburg Festivals. Today, as a consequence, these are the ultimate occasion for aficionados of the classical musical world. When it is in full swing the world is denied their greatest musicians and opera singers, composers and all involved in classical music production. They are at Salzburg.

The heart of Wagnerian opera is the Bayreuth Festival. Here again the National Socialist government raised the event's status to become the musical equivalent of St Peter's Square in Rome. Such was the reverence in which the festival was held it played on even during Germany's darkest moments of World War Two. When things became so bad, due to destruction caused by the ongoing allied bombing raids, few people could afford to attend. Arrangements were then made for the festival to be turned over to those most deserving but least able to afford the occasion it promised. The house from there on was packed with wounded servicemen, their tickets paid for by the government.

It was his enduring friendship with Winifred Wagner that further fuelled Adolph Hitler's enthusiasm for the festival and all things Wagnerian. Theirs was the most harmonious platonic relationship imaginable. It was rumoured for a while that the two might marry. This could never be, the German Chancellor was already married, his bride being

Germania. Adolph Hitler married again only on his becoming a widower.

Hitler and Wagner were to stand together in solemn silence before their great musical mentor's tomb. When Adolph Hitler's political successes, that in many respects mirrored those triumphs of Rienzi, caused the leader of the National Socialist German Workers Party to be imprisoned the future German leader was constantly supplied with food parcels sent by Winifred Wagner. These parcels included writing paper upon which he and Rudolf Hess set down more chapters of his epic struggle, Mein Kampf. He in return was to later bring considerable patronage to Bayreuth. This classical music occasion is still is a world class event.

Hitler was a constant visitor to Bayreuth near Munich during which times the German leader and Winifred Wagner spent a great deal of time together. Adolph Hitler stayed in an adjacent house known as the Führer Haus. Her companion was, by all accounts, the perfect house guest and conversationalist. The two friends and their guests would talk the sun up after settling down hours earlier in front of a great roaring log fire. The German leader's audience were reportedly spellbound by his storytelling abilities.

Never once did Winifred Wagner's faith in Adolph Hitler waver. When the German nation forced to attend allied brainwashing sessions known as the de-nazification program, Winifred Wagner never ceased expressing her allegiance to Adolph Hitler. She remained steadfast, defiant and loyal, refusing to believe the victors accounts of the Second World War. She knew better.

At the trial of Winifred Wagner during the theatrical and notoriously skewered allied tribunals, there was read out the testimonials of several Jewish families whom she had personally assisted. The heir to the Richard Wagner dynasty was not imprisoned as so many other great artistes were. Nor was she detailed to join a working party clearing the rubble of German cities brought about by allied air raids. She was, however, stripped of her position as head of the Bayreuth Festival.

Throughout the years of allied occupation that followed her faith never wavered. In common with may Germans in her prostrate nation Wagner disdained the occupiers propaganda, She, and her circle, maintained a coded link by using the term USA. This was in fact an acronym of 'Unser selige Adolph' (Our Beloved Adolph).

It is true that Winifred Wagner might have faded with the memories had it not been for a filmed interview in 1975, which she agreed to take part in. It was on account of a television documentary on the Bayreuth Festival being made that the great Wagnerian agreed to take part. Naively unaware that a trap was being set for her, she was oblivious to the reason for the film maker's friendly overtures. The film producer, Hans-Hurgen Syberberg, had a secret agenda. His real aim was to win the confidence of Winifred Wagner knowing that she was a close friend and confidant of the former Fuhrer. He was also aware that she had never once shown any regret for her loyalty to the German Reich or its leader.

Skilfully putting her at her ease the then 78-year old lady was enthusiastic about sharing her recollections of the festival. However, during parts of the interview Hans-Hurgen Syberberg pretended to turn off the recording equipment so that he might better be able to chat to the old lady of music 'off the record.'

The unsuspecting elderly lady chatted amicably off camera to the film maker. Expressing her thoughts with candour, unaware that the sound equipment was recording her every word, she chatted about her recollections. Urging Winifred on, the sly producer turned the conversation gradually away from the festival. Then, having won her confidence, he pointedly asked her, ‘off the record’, to express her recollections as to the German leader. The Wagnerian replied:

“If Hitler were to walk in through that door now, for instance, I’d be as happy and glad to see and have him here as ever. And that whole dark side of him, I know it exists but it doesn’t exist for me because I don’t know that part of him. You see, the only thing that exists for me in a relationship with somebody is my personal experience.”

Winifred Wagner’s comments were against her knowledge, and we can be certain against her wishes, were widely broadcast. The foreign-owned German media owned ensured that their victim was publicly pilloried. A true heroine, Winifred Wagner, born June 23, 1897 passed away on March 5, 1980.

U.S / GERMANY

THE CHARLIE BROWN

and FRANZ STIGLER INCIDENT

BOTH DIED 2008

Unlike politicians and mainstream media the fighting men in the various services, whilst serving their respective countries, tend to hold a high regard for each other. When their foe falls the instinct of the true warrior is to respect and honour, to pay tribute to their adversary. Over the years we have heard numerous examples of comradeship across uniforms and frontiers, ideologies and faiths.

Charlie Brown was an American military pilot serving the United States Army Air Corps. In 1943, stationed at RAF Kimbolton in England, with his USAF comrades their purpose was to bomb targets in the beleaguered Reich. Serving his country at the same time was Franz Stigler, a German Luftwaffe fighter plot.

On December 20, 1943, Charlie Brown's group in England was briefed. Their mission was to destroy a particular aircraft factory situated near Bremen in north Germany. After their having completed their bombing run the American pilot's B – 17 bomber was attacked by eight German fighters. The skies around the marauding bombers was being raked by anti-aircraft fire and for the American crew things were looking bleak. The flak was intense and their aircraft was an irresistible sitting duck.

Inevitably their Fortress bomber was soon torn but somehow managed to remain airborne. Such was the rate of incoming fire that most crew members, to one degree or another, were soon wounded. Three of the aircraft's four engines were destroyed or damaged. Afterward, Charlie Brown said he believed that his gunners had destroyed two German aircraft. At this point the American bomber pilot blacked out. On gaining consciousness he realised that his stricken bomber was now flying at a very low altitude and passing over a German airfield.

His crippled USAF aircraft was quickly spotted by German ground crews, one of whom was fighter pilot Franz Stigler. The Luftwaffe pilot was at the time refueling and rearming it at its base airfield. Climbing quickly and expertly into the cockpit of his Messerschmitt ME 10 he was soon in the air and flying alongside the limping American bomber being badly piloted by the half conscious pilot, Charlie Brown. As the German pilot flew closer to the stricken American aircraft he was able to take in the bomber's desperate situation. Franz Stigler could clearly see the gaping holes in the limping aircraft's fuselage and crew members desperately attending to their wounded comrades.

On seeing the German fighter the B – 17 Fortress crew had every reason to realise that Nemesis was to deal harshly with them. Then, to the American crew's surprise, Franz Stigler realised that he could not bring himself to administer the coup de grace to the stricken aircraft.

The Luftwaffe pilot remembered the words of one of his Luftwaffe commanders. When serving in the deserts of the North African campaign the Luftwaffe officer had told the German pilots, "You are fighter pilots first, last, always. If I ever hear of you shooting someone in a parachute I will shoot you myself."

Stigler later explained the American enemy crew's helplessness. "To me, it was just like they were in a parachute. I saw them and I couldn't shoot them down."

Twice Franz Stigler indicated to Charlie Brown that he should land his aircraft at the nearby German base and surrender. The American pilot, though wounded, refused to do so. He considered that his wounded comrades were in urgent need of medical assistance and that if possible their interests would be best served back at their English base. A bemused Franz Stigler then escorted the limping B-17 Flying Fortress until it reached the North Se. At this point, he signaled good luck and banking his aircraft he returned to base.

Captain Charlie Brown, his aircraft and crew did safely reach England. After the ritual debriefing he told of the German fighter pilot. He explained during the debriefing how the Luftwaffe pilot had resisted the opportunity to administer the coup de grace to their aircraft. He told of how the Messerschmidt fighter pilot had then seen them safely to the North Sea. The story was listened to by an intent audience of USAF airmen but he was told to forget about the incident. The American pilot afterward remarked: "Someone had decided that you can't be a human being and be flying in a German cockpit."

After the war's end, Franz Stigler moved his family to Vancouver in Canada. USAF airman Charlie Brown retired from the American armed forces and he and his family moved to Miami in Florida. The incident continued to haunt him as the years passed. Ever curious and grateful for the fact that he owed his life to the unknown German fighter

pilot he did what he could to discover the identity and the whereabouts of the aircraft ace who had passed on the golden opportunity to destroy their aircraft, who instead, had escorted the doomed Flying Fortress B – 17 to the English Channel and in doing so had saved his life and the lives of his aircraft's crew members.

The American eventually published a letter about the account in a German veterans' magazine. Franz Stigler by a stroke of fate saw the letter. Picking up a pen there began a correspondence with his former adversary. The two men finally met each other in 1990. They were to later appear on television to recount their remarkable story. It was a lesson perhaps lost on the old men who send the young men off to wars . Coincidentally both Charlie Brown and Franz Stigler died in 2008.

Waffen-SS on Parade

GERMANY

ELIZABETH SCHWARZKOPF

THE UNREPENTANT NATIONAL SOCIALIST

9 DECEMBER 1915 - 3 AUGUST 2006

Elizabeth Schwarzkopf

Elizabeth Schwarzkopf was to opera singing what Austrian Herbert von Karajan was to orchestral conducting. Nothing short of perfection and adherence to originality would suit her temperament and this beautiful singer's voice. Born December 9, 1915 she might easily have been lured by the medical profession. Happily, for the world of music lovers, she took up a career in classical singing.

Her date of birth and her reaching maturity coincided with the coming of age of the National Socialist German Workers Party (NSDAP) led by anti-Capitalist Adolph Hitler. Elizabeth was eighteen-years old when in 1933 Adolph Hitler's chancellorship was enthusiastically endorsed by the German electorate. These were heady times for Germany. Germany was to shake off the coils of the Versailles Treaty. Soon to free itself of the tentacles of international banking the German nation was at last unified. This was a pivotal moment in Europe's fortunes or lack of them. Nearly eighty-years later, the almost as popular as Adolph Hitler, Russian President Vladimir Putin, was remarkably candid. "Germany is not responsible for World War One, but the Allies who won World War One are."

David Lloyd George, former British Prime Minister, was impressed: "Upon his return following a visit to Hitler, his daughter greeted Lloyd George, humorously, with "Heil Hitler!"

"Yes," he replied. "Heil Hitler I too say that because he is truly a great man. I have never met a happier people than the Germans and Hitler is one of the greatest men among the distinctly great men that I have ever encountered."

It was impossible not to be enthused by the gay atmosphere. Confidence throughout Germany had replaced brooding. Such was her enthusiasm that Elizabeth signed up to three different National Socialist organisations.

Not surprisingly she was never forgiven for her 'heresy' by her nation's conquerors. Nor did she wish to be forgiven. To her death in 2006, arguably the greatest opera singer of the 20th Century did little to disguise her true beliefs. The soprano's situation in post-war Germany was no different from that of artistes in Russia following the Bolshevik seizure of power. From 1945, in order to work and eat, she was required to recant her deeply held convictions. However, Elizabeth always refused to be drawn. Palace journalists, slavishly following the Allied line, had the gall to interrogate her for her enthusiastic

support for all things National Socialist. Then had the chutzpah to wax indignant over her refusal to collaborate, genuflect and toe the allied line.

Elizabeth, when a student at the High School for Music, joined the Nazi Students League. She was hardly alone: About half of university students did so. The young student was soon afterwards elected to a position of Party leadership. When later joining the Deutsche Oper she was noticed, admired and from there on mentored by Mari Ivogün and her pianist husband Michael Raucheisen. Both luminaries were ardent supporters of Adolph Hitler and National Socialism.

Contrary to allied propaganda, those artistes who inhabit the world of theatre were not over represented in the National Socialist Party. Nor was there any requirement for them to apply for Party membership or Party endorsement. Their nonpolitical stance was well understood and respected by the National Socialist German Workers Party. Much the same might be said of any of the Western democracies. The ruling parties are always delighted when a much admired performer offers their allegiance. Why would things be any different in Germany?

In fact, one in five theatrical world and various artistes were members of the National Socialist German Workers Party. In her case her loyalty to the ideals of National Socialism was very much respected, not only in the Party itself, but throughout Germany. Her endorsement of the electorate's choice endeared Elizabeth to millions of her fellow countrymen and women. Due to her charitable nature, the young singer successfully applied also for membership of the National Socialist People's Welfare Organisation.

Little is known of Elisabeth's private life throughout those years of triumph through adversity and then to defeat. This most gifted of sopranos we know did contract tuberculosis during the years of war. When convalescing in Germany's Tatra Mountains her constant bedside companion was a high-ranking SS officer. His identity has never been ascertained. He was said to be Dr Hugo Jury, gauleiter of Lower Austria. Apart from being a Waffen SS General Doctor Jury was also a highly skilled medical doctor specialising in tuberculosis.

Elizabeth died on August 3 2006 at the age of 90 at her home in Schruns, Austria. She had by then been awarded a Dame Commander of the Order of the British Empire (OBE). However Elizabeth Schwarzkopf was never in doubt as to the value of her membership that her heart truly belonged to.

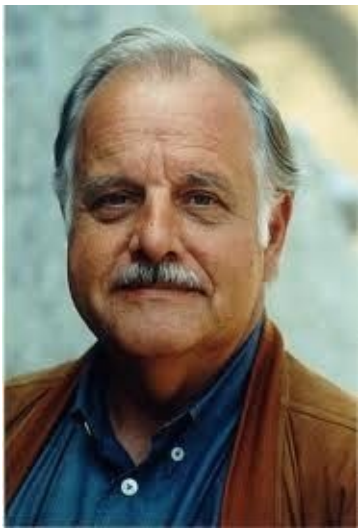
The German Chancellor, Adolph Hitler was a poet, artist and philosopher of merit. Above, typical of his artwork, which today commands high prices

GERMANY

NORBERT SCHULTZE

THE MAN WHO MADE LILI MARLENE

26 January 1911 - 14 October 2002



Waiting for a friend on a hot summer's day I opened the car windows and placed a music cassette in the slot. The tape I was playing was part of my collection of Musik der Third Reich. Back then I was very much involved in selling recordings of the music of past eras. These were mainly German but Italian, Spanish, American too.

All of these years later I still recall the evident pleasure of the mixed group of passengers awaiting their bus at a nearby bus stop. As the 'band played' on my car speakers the bus stop audience were foot-tapping and lapping the music up. It was clear they enjoyed such martial music. The friend I was waiting for soon turned the handle of my car door. I then had little choice but to go on my way. The disappointment on the faces of those bystanders made me feel as though I had just kicked a puppy.

Chances are the music they had been listening to, albeit played by a military band, were a selection of the rollicking wartime melodies of Norbert Schultze. Born in Braunschweig, Germany, the son of a professor of medicine, Norbert Schultze studied music at the Hochschule fur Musik in Cologne. He was afterwards to become an orchestral conductor, first performing at Heidelberg and then later at Darmstadt. Realising he had a gift for composition, the young musician produced an opera based on a fairy tale, Schwarzer Peter (1936). This was followed by the ballet performance, Struwwelpeter (1937).

His family had somehow survived the British naval blockade imposed after World War One in which 800,000 German civilians had miserably perished. This encirclement had forced Germany's leaders to accept, reluctantly ('at the point of a pistol') the horrendous terms of the Versailles Treaty. These were to lead to the outbreak of World War Two. Like many others the aspiring musician could not choose the time or place of his birth. He too was a child of the times and was caught up in the cauldron of World War Two.

Having forged himself a career in music and theatre, the story of Norbert Schultze is a foot-tapping musical odyssey. His career and his compositions, like Franz Lehar's, had the rather unique distinction of not only charming German listeners and audiences but enchanting audiences throughout the world. It still does.

Norbert Schultze is best remembered for putting the Hans Leip poem, Lili Marlene to music. Fascinatingly, he later revealed to a BBC researcher that this composition of his was first intended as a toothpaste commercial ditty. It was for record buffs the very first

German best-seller.

If you Google Norbert Schultze mainstream media for this musician's biography you will see they still erroneously describe Lili Marlene as a prostitute. In fact, Lili was the young German trooper's girlfriend, Marlene was his comrade's girlfriend. They were both young ladies of the period. There was never any suggestion that these two youngsters were prostitutes. Mainstream media, as so often, seeks ever murkier depths to poison the well of human knowledge.

Norbert Schultze was equally gifted at creating memorable film and opera scores. His many other works included the operas Schwarzer Peter (Black Heated Peter) and Das Kalte Herze (The Cold Heart). The musical Kapt'n Bye-Bye is remembered for the delightful melody Nimm' mich mit, Kapitan, auf die Reise (Take me Travelling, Captain).

In the early 1930s Norbert departed Cologne and he then took up residence in the capital of Bavaria, Munich. It was there in Germany's second city that he worked under the name of Frank Norbert and indeed acted under that name. Schultze conducted in Darmstadt, Munich and Mannheim.

During the middle 1930s the market for artists and artistes tended towards the patriotic and folk. With the build-up in arms then taking place in France, Britain and Russia, there was also a German demand for newer martial songs and marches. A general feeling that Germany was under threat pervaded and the natural herd instinct, to form a protective ring, fell into place. Stirring music was a musical genre perfectly suited to the effervescent composer's mood.

A National Socialist Workers Party member he composed and arranged numerous songs and marches that reflected the period's mood. Those interested in the more martial compositions of the Third Reich will recall Von Finnland bis zum Schwarzen Meer (From Finland to the Black Sea). This of course was a celebration of the Third Reich at its most triumphant and virile. The Reich did indeed extend along a European protective barrier standing firm between Europe and Communist Russia. Ironically, many now charge modern Germany with once again controlling everything along more or less the same demarcation line. Norbert Shultze was also famous for Tanks Roll in Africa and Bombs on England and Poland.

His popularity throughout the German armed forces was the stuff of legend and there was an insatiable demand for new Norbert Schultze melodies and marches. He composed the scores for Veit Harlan's morale boosting movie Kolbrg. He also provided the music for the documentary Baptism of Fire (Feuertaufe).

Arrested after the war's end (did it ever end?) Norbert Shultze's status was defined as a 'Nazi Fellow Traveller.' That was hardly surprising; who was not in some way supportive of Hitler's Germany. After attending tedious brain-washing lectures, a condition that the defeated Germans had little choice about, Schultze was deemed to have been de-Nazified. Then came the crunch: The gifted composer was 'invited to offer 3,000 Deutsch Marks in return for a work permit'. Graft was part of the full democracy package delivered to 'liberated' Germany too.

With little choice he managed to find the money to bribe his way back into work. The

royalties from his works produced between 1933 and 1945 he donated to the German Red Cross.

Undoubtedly his music put a bounce into universal sailor and soldier steps whilst gladdening the hearts of sweethearts and wives back home. The musician worked under several pseudonyms. If you happily chance upon melodies composed by Frank Norbert, Peter Kornfeld and Henry Iverson, then you are in fact listening to the venerable Norbert Schultze.

Norbert Schultze was as prolific as a composer after the war as he was before and throughout that awful conflict. He wrote numerous operas, operettas, and film music. Over fifty movies were set to his background music.

THE ECSTASY OF TRUE POPULARITY

SUCH IMAGES ARE NEVER PUBLISHED IN MAINSTREAM MEDIA

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE. FORMER BRITISH PRIME MINISTER AND STATESMAN

‘Upon his return following a visit to Hitler, his daughter greeted Lloyd George, humorously, with “Heil Hitler!” “Yes, Heil Hitler I too say that because he is truly a great man. I have never met a happier people than the Germans and Hitler is one of the greatest men among the distinctly great men that I have ever encountered.”

GERMANY

SS-STURMBANNFUHRER OTTO SKORZENY

SPRINGING THE ITALIAN PRESIDENT

12 JUNE 1908 – 5 JULY 1975

SS-Sturmbannfuhrer Otto Skorzeny

Another great escape recorded for posterity is that of the rescue of Italian Prime Minister Benito Mussolini by German Commandos. This took place on September 12 1944.

The popular Italian leader, Benito Mussolini, who had led Italy from 1922 to 1943, had fallen victim to an allied coup. He had been placed under house arrest in various secret Italian locations. The German Chancellor's fear was that Italy's allied-backed stooge, Marshall Pietro Badoglio, would make peace with the allies. His doing so would likely result in his permitting the Allied armies permission to invade Germany's back door via Italy. During those desperate days the last thing Germany needed was yet another front to defend. The vengeful Winston Churchill was now gloating over Germany's impending misfortune.

The unelected half-English wartime Prime Minister had certainly changed his tune. On 11 November 1938 Winston Churchill had bellowed: "Of Italian Fascism, Italy has shown that there is a way of fighting the subversive forces which can rally the masses of the people, properly led, to value and wish to defend the honour and stability of civilised society. Hereafter no great nation will be unprovided with an ultimate means of protection against the cancerous growth of Bolshevism."

In 1933 the Financial Times published a special eight-page supplement under the caption: 'The Renaissance of Italy: Fascism's Gift of Order and Progress.'

In the summer of 1944, the Italian leader was held captive on an 'impregnable' mountain top hideaway. To turn the tables on the allies the German Leader chose the battle-hardened SS-Sturmbannfuhrer Otto Skorzeny to carry out one of the most daring escapes in wartime history. German intelligence had tracked down the Italian leader's location to his latest place of incarceration. This was a ski resort on the high peak of Gran Sasso in the Apennine Mountains. His gaolers had chosen it wisely. The location was virtually impregnable. The only access to his place of incarceration was via a cable car.

The high ranking German officer carefully planned his intended raid. Aerial reconnaissance by then had identified a small grassy meadow set a few metres away from the mountaintop hotel. This might conceivably offer landing opportunity for the most expertly piloted gliders. The elite assault force carefully selected was made up of a mix of carefully selected Waffen-SS commandos and Fallschirmjager (paratroopers).

As the rescue attempt got under way it was led by a dozen light assault gliders soaring high above the Apennine Mountains snowy peaks. The rest of the paratroopers' battalion went by road to capture the Aquila airfield in the valley below the soaring mountain redoubt.

As the escape attempt unfolded eight of these rescuing gliders slithered to a stop on the small mountaintop plateau. Before the land borne paratroopers had arrived the startled

guards guarding the Italian leader had been bloodlessly overpowered. Within minutes of their arrival the Italian leader had been spirited away. The Fiesler Storch reconnaissance aircraft was piloted by SS-Sturmbannfuhrer Otto Skorzeny.

The British warlord had been outwitted. Prime Minister Benito Mussolini was restored to his legitimate position. SS-Sturmbannfuhrer Otto Skorzeny was personally awarded the Knights Cross by the German Chancellor. Such was the valour shown that the epic then and now earned international respect and acclaim.

GERMANY

DID A BATTLESHIP'S TRAGIC LOSS SAVE THOUSANDS OF GERMAN SAILORS LIVES

14 FEBRUARY 1939 - 27 MAY 1941

It is generally recognised that the German Battleship Bismarck was one of the most formidable fighting ships ever built. There was simply nothing to match it. Despite the passage of 75-years the remarkable warship and its sister ship Tirptiz still commands awe and respect.

There were only two battleships in their class in 1940. The Tirpitz and Bismarck, at 49,500 tonnes, 815 feet in length and with a beam of 18 feet were the largest battleships ever built by Germany. Indeed, they were the largest from any European shipyard. On board the Bismarck were 1,962 ratings and 103 Kriegsmarine officers. All crew members read the ship's newspaper, Die Schiffsglocke (The Ship's Bell).

These two formidable leviathans must have appeared impressive to anyone viewing them, not just for the first time but on any occasion. Had the Bismarck not been sunk but instead preserved for posterity sightseers would still queue around the block to become better acquainted with the lusus naturae. The ship was named after Chancellor Otto von Bismarck. The 'Iron Chancellor' during the 19th Century had been pivotal in the push for German unification.

Due to their speed and unnerving armament nothing since has matched the Bismarck and

the Tirpitz. Three Blohm and Voss turbines gave each ship a speed of up to 34mph. When next using your car at that speed imagine a 50,000 ton battleship travelling at the same rate of speed. This will give you an idea of the threat to allied shipping that these two ships presented.

By August 1940, two months after the German armies routed the British and French armies in France, the Bismarck was ready to fulfil its purpose. This was to destroy Allied shipping plying the seas on Britain's essential north Atlantic supply route. If Britain's lifeline with North America, to which Britain was already heavily indebted, could be cut, England would be forced to end their war against Germany. The German defensive program would soon be aided by the class addition to the fleet of similar battleships.

Bismarck's first engagement was in the Denmark Straits. The leviathan was then confronted by the Royal Navy's battle cruiser HMS Hood and HMS battleship, Prince of Wales. Despite being faced down by two formidable challengers what followed was very much an unequal contest. The British Royal Navy's HMS Hood was sent to the bottom of the sea; the plunging warship took 1,416 seamen with her. The heavily mauled HMS Prince of Wales beat the retreat. This was quite a coming out party for the pride of the Kriegsmarine. If it achieved little else from there on the battleship had, as a virgin, proved its worth. The Bismarck in return had suffered only three hits, one of which caused an oil leak.

The gloves were now off. Britain and its considerable Royal Navy, the most powerful naval armada in history, threw all they had into the pursuit and destruction of the monster of the high seas. Dozens of British warships were sent in pursuit of the 'fugitive' Bismarck. These included six battleships and cruisers, two aircraft carriers, thirteen cruisers, and twenty-one destroyers. This incredible armada in hot pursuit of just one battleship, the Bismarck. Such was the threat it imposed.

The great fear was the threat posed to Britain's supply routes. Britain, then holding the largest Merchant Marine fleets in the world, would also be needed later to aid Stalin's Soviet Union. The German battleships, the Scharnhorst and the Gneisenau, now being repaired at the French port of Brest, would soon be joining the Bismarck and Tirpitz. The effect the three formidable battleships with the support of the cruiser would have on allied shipping would be devastating. Perhaps the war could be brought to an end. Peace terms would be agreed. These would include the German armed forces withdrawal to its pre-1939 border. The loss of tens of millions of lives across Europe, and unimaginable suffering under Bolshevism, could be avoided.

The German battleship Bismarck, now heading for German Occupied France, was finally discovered in the Atlantic. The Royal Navy posse was now in full cry. During the pursuit of the Bismarck several Fairey Swordfish torpedo bombers soared above the decks of their mother ship, HMS Ark Royal. They were soon to get lucky or so they thought. Lucky too were the British sailors on HMS Norfolk. The inexperienced Swordfish aviators, at first, mistook their warship for the Bismarck. At the last moment, seeing their hostile intentions, they were dissuaded from carrying out such a mortal sin.

The Fairey Swordfish naval aircraft eventually found the correct target. One of their airborne torpedo strikes damaged the Bismarck's ship's steering gear. There are very few

vulnerable areas of warships. Unfortunately for the Reich, the steering gear is difficult to protect. The torpedo strikes had the effect of crippling the German battleship. At reduced speed the German battleship continued its course for Brest. For a while the battleship successfully eluded its pursuers now desperately searching for their adversary. All contact was lost but the following day a Catalina aircraft from 209 Squadron spotted the Bismarck. Bismarck's fate was sealed. From HMS Ark Royal fifteen Swordfish were immediately launched.

Admiral Somerville then ordered a second strike to be carried out from HMS Ark Royal. The weather conditions in the North Atlantic were appalling. The Royal Navy pilots were identified as RN flying officer Lieutenant-Commander Jim Coode, who led Sub-Lieutenant Ken Pattison and Sub-Lieutenant Joey Beal. Their mission was to discover the whereabouts of the evasive Bismarck. On encountering their adversary the pilots launched their torpedoes, one of which was to strike the Bismarck's port boiler room. Jim Coode's 'tin fish' air-launched torpedo struck the battleship's rudder. This had the effect of leaving the giant battleship circling helpless in the notorious Bay of Biscay. A Royal Navy pilot, who was later to be killed on a training flight in North Africa, had thus sealed Bismarck's fate.

As dawn broke on May 27 1941 HMS King George V, HMS Rodney, HMS Norfolk and HMS Dorsetshire closed in on their prey. Positioning themselves the Royal Navy warships began to fire salvoes into the stricken German marauder. For three hours the Royal Navy pounded broadside after broadside into the crippled battleship. In just 90 minutes an incredible 2,876 heavy calibre shells were fired at the helpless battleship. German ratings, Adolph Eich, Heinz Jucknat and Franz Halke, all survivors from the German battleship, later described the lower decks as absolute carnage. Fires raged everywhere as magazines repeatedly exploded.

Circling the wounded Bismarck, HMS Rodney then released two torpedoes into the Bismarck's hull. Still the magnificent warship remained afloat. At 10.15 am the British Commander-in-Chief ordered the German battleship to be torpedoed again. HMS Dorsetshire against released a salvo of torpedoes, which sped into both starboard and port hulls of the Bismarck's now burning shell.

The battle now was very much an uneven one; one crippled battleship was at the mercy of the Royal Navy pack. The burning and disabled Bismarck was now a turkey shoot, a sitting duck. Kriegsmarine Fleet Commander Lutjens and Captain Otto Ernst Lindemann were by now almost certainly dead. Now leaderless, Hans Oels, the Bismarck's First Officer took command of the stricken German warship and ordered her to be scuttled. Whether this order was given and carried out has since been a matter of considerable dispute.

In a scene straight from hell many hundreds of German seamen found themselves tossed helplessly by the seas. Swimming vainly in their attempts to remain afloat these distressed sailors floundered, many drowned. High above them were the heaving grey superstructures of HMS Dorsetshire and HMS Maori. The ships scrambling nets were now cascading down their sides in compliance with the law of the sea. As with much else, climbing up such scrambling nets, even in calm waters, is beyond the strength of all but the most fit swimmers. For the exhausted still in heavy winter uniforms, some wounded,

the scrambling nets would be no use whatsoever.

Eager hands reached out to offer assistance. Sadly, helpless by a combination of exhaustion and the action of the waves, few of the stricken men were able to make it as far as the warships' sea swept decks. Of a crew of 2,221 men only 110 of the Bismarck's crew were picked from the waters. These fortunates by HMS Dorsetshire and HMS Maori.

At 10.40 am that morning the great battleship rolled silently on her side. She then began her descent to the bottom of the seas, her war flag still saluting the grey skies of the North West Atlantic. The great battleship was to settle into the silt at the foot of the North Atlantic's only undersea volcano after slithering down one of the undersea mountain's precipices.

On both sides of this tragic sea conflict there were singular acts of great heroism. Notably, a young 17-year old British sailor, Midshipman Brookes, courageously climbed over his warship's heaving side. Descending by scrambling nets to the heaving waterline he manfully attempted to rescue a young German sailor. The young Kriegsmarine marine, whose name will never be known, had lost both his arms. He was desperately trying to hold on to the rope with his teeth.

Sadly, by this time, 'naval activity had, it was later claimed, been spotted'. There was the risk of such activity posing a threat to the circling vultures of the Royal Navy armada. The rescuing warships were ordered under way. The young British midshipman, who had attempted to save the life of the young German sailor, was placed under arrest. He was charged with an act of defiance for refusing to give up his rescue attempt and was threatened with execution.

Several of the German sailors who were to later die aboard the HMS Dorsetshire were committed to the sea with full military honours. Each son of the fatherland was sent to their watery grave as a bugler played the last post. As these poignant ceremonies took place both German and British sailors stood solemnly to attention. The German survivors were given permission to salute their fallen comrades with the oldest salute in the history

of mankind. Their raised arms and open hands hold an ancient noble symbolism. ‘I do not carry a weapon, I wish only peace with you.’

In the background of the rain swept warships’ decks could be heard the mournful laments of a borrowed harmonica playing the fallen German serviceman’s lament: ‘Ich hatt einen kamaraden.’ As each sailor’s body was committed to the waves both German and British sailors openly wept.

Of the two controversies surrounding the sinking of the Bismarck one has been resolved. The German side always held that the Bismarck was never sunk but was scuttled to prevent it falling into the hands of the Royal Navy. Subsequent investigation has found in favour of the German account. The great German battleship was not sunk by the British but scuttled by its own officers. With all but one gun destroyed it was imperative that the British should never learn of its unsinkable structure. British ships subsequently built to its design would almost certainly lead to the deaths of untold thousands of German sailors. The great sub-marine explorer Commander Ballard, who has since discovered the wreck of the Bismarck, confirmed that Bismarck had been scuttled.

The remaining great controversy centres on the Royal Navy’s abandonment of nearly 2,000 German seamen. These unfortunates were left to their fate in defiance of international law, the age-old law of the sea, and that of common humanity. This abandonment has never been properly explained, nor has there been shown any evidence of a threat in the area at the time. One therefore can only question the deliberate obfuscation.

One cannot however question the pathos of the scene that the retreating ships left in their wake. One British sailor described how, as the rescuing ships turned stern on, there was the most tragic wailing of despair from the multitude of men, young and old, left floundering in the water. May God look after the souls?

The Captain of the Bismarck, was posthumously awarded the Knights Cross of the Iron Cross. (Ritterkreuz des Eisernen Kreuzes). This is an honour that recognises extreme bravery and selflessness, individual acts of heroism on the battlefield or outstanding military leadership. The medal was presented to the captain’s widow, Hildegard, on 6 January 1942.

Footnote: The Spanish Leader General Francisco Franco, on hearing of the tragedy, immediately despatched the Spanish cruiser Canarias to the scene. By the time the warship reached the scene of the disaster the Spanish warship was to find the seas barren of survivors.

International statesmen, the Party faithful and their children were regular visitors to the Berghof at Berchtesgaden in the German Alps.

BELGIUM

LEON DEGRELLE

THE MAN HITLER WISHED FOR A SON

15 JUNE 1906 - 31 MARCH 1994

Waffen-SS officer Leon Degrelle

Adolph Hitler is reputed to have said to Belgian Waffen-SS officer Leon Degrelle, “If had I a son I would have wished him to be like you.” It was not difficult to see the reason why. Degrelle, a Catholic born in Bouillon in the Belgian Ardennes, was the man who scorned the decadence of the post World War One democracies. A passionate anti-Bolshevik it was perfectly natural that the growing appeal of Fascism, in particular National Socialism, should act as a magnet for his passion.

It is a measure of the man that, from the rank of private, he was promoted purely on merit through the ranks of the foreign volunteers of the Waffen SS. There were no equals to his abilities, his passion and loyalties. A born leader of men it was said that when awarded the rank of General he had been carried to that podium on the shoulders of comrades through the greatest land battles of World War Two.

The Belgian politician and soldier was one of the most talked and written about of Hitler’s many generals. One writer described him thus: ‘Leon Degrelle’s story is probably the most unique tale of courage and determination to come from the ranks of foreign

volunteers in the Waffen SS.' Degrelle was also the most highly decorated of the foreign volunteers.

The Degrelle family was of French extraction. The young Leon studied law at the University of Louvain. His main focus was spread evenly over Tomistic Philosophy, Art, Archaeology and Political Science. No slouch, and a follower of few but himself, he clearly had many gifts. Whilst still young he had published five books. By the time he had reached his 20th birthday he was publishing his own newspaper. A devout Catholic, Degrelle was soon to become a leader of the Belgian Catholic Action Movement.

Degrelle's recruiting sergeants to his political odyssey were his books and his newspaper. Many of his followers were drawn to the charismatic young man. Perhaps their instinct told them that fate had singled him out for great things. Their instincts were to prove them right.

By 1936 Leon Degrelle's Rexist Party had won 34 electoral and senate seats in the Belgian parliament. This was a triumph and precursor of a future that commanded respect. Accordingly, his power and influence were to lead to his meeting the German Chancellor Adolph Hitler, British Premier Winston Churchill and Italy's Prime Minister (il duce) Benito Mussolini. Degrelle, for his part was fascinated and influenced by Charles Maurras, the enigmatic French nationalist.

On September 3 1939 Britain's Chamberlain led government declared war on Germany. War was declared on the pretext that the British government was obliged to come to the aid of an attack on Poland by Germany. This obligation was artful. The obligation for England to do so had never been formally ratified by parliament. The declaration of war against Germany was passed, much to the approval of many scores of Members of Parliament and their Lordships, ensconced across the road in the House of Lords. For years, many parliamentarians, and those making up England's establishment elite, had anticipated war breaking out. These artful dodgers had invested heavily in the armaments and related industries. War investments would make these investors in youthful blood rich beyond their wildest dreams. The French government simultaneously declared war on their German neighbour.

When eight months later, German Reich intelligence learned of a build-up of arms in preparation of an attack on Germany's western frontiers, the German Chancellor acted decisively. Germany would not tolerate a repeat of World War One. In that earlier war millions of men were pitted against each other. They had served, fought and died along the Western Front for years and for what. As the German leader had surmised, apart from the cost in lives and catastrophic ruination of Europe, the Great War had brought no benefits to Europe or to nations; only to the bank accounts of war profiteers. The German leader and most of his fellow Party members, from top to bottom, had seen service during the fratricidal Great War. Hitler had been a highly decorated soldier in that calamitous military period of insanity.

On this later occasion, to thwart the possibility of a front opening up on the Low Countries frontiers, the forces of the Reich pre-emptively and decisively swept through the Low Counties and France. They did so to deny the French and Low Country ports of invasion to the British armed forces. These same forces of the Empire and its colonies had earlier

been routed in their failed attempts to attack Germany's back door through neutral Norway.

The English War Cabinet was just not giving up. In fact it was the British Expeditionary Force that had done the giving up when Germany's smaller armies had swept through Northern France. Cutting like a scythe through France the Reich forces had pushed 500,000 British and French troops right through to the evacuation beaches at Dunkirk and other French ports. This, retreat and evacuation, not surprisingly, was dressed up as a 'miracle' by Britain's mainstream media. In fact, the defeat, the rout and the evacuation of over 330,000 British troops was anything but a miracle. It was arguably the British Empire's most ignominious retreat ever recorded. There were more to come.

Before autumn fell Leon Degrelle was arrested by the Belgian authorities for his sympathising with the Reich. Leon Degrelle, this emissary for peace, a man of such standing that he spoke freely with heads of government, was held in the worst possible conditions and brutally treated by his captors during his imprisonment. The spirited young man was eventually released due to German pressure on the Belgian government being applied. Degrelle did have reservations about the disputed German speaking Wallonia regions of Belgium being ceded to the Reich. Belgium is an artificial country. The Low Country is largely made up of a chunk of Germany, France and The Netherlands Feeling he would be better placed to influence matters from within, the Belgian firebrand in 1941 volunteered for service with the German armed forces. No less than 1,000 Belgian volunteers were to join him.

Ironically, Degrelle was the unlikeliest of soldiers. The likeable Belgian had no military training at all. Throughout his life and academic background he had shown little inclination towards the armed forces. Hardly the stuff of front-line combatants, at 35 years of age he was a married father of two daughters.

After brief training in November of the same year, he and his volunteer comrades became fiercely engaged in fighting the Red Army around the Donets Basin. Leading from the front he would suffer no separation from his men or their duties.

It was a harsh winter, even in a climate notorious for extreme weather conditions. The winter temperatures in this part of the world can be as low as – 30C. The troops grimly held their positions along the Eastern Front. By February 1942 the Axis lines were overstretched and under supplied. Stalin and his Western backed henchmen were well aware of these weaknesses and sought to exploit them. The Red Army constantly probed the defences along the lines of the Eastern Front.

Belgian Walloon Regiments of the Waffen-SS, renowned for their ferocity, were constantly on the move to counter Soviet incursions. The infantrymen often found themselves caught up in the heaviest fighting, including hand to hand combat. The aim of both armies was to secure the village of Rosa Luxembourg. The location was named after the Jewish revolutionary, who with other Jews, had attempted to bring Bolshevism to Germany during the closing stages of World War One. There was also a desperate need to secure the defences of Gromovaya-Balka.

In both battles men and equipment were lost and were to cost the Walloon fighters dearly. The force lost one third of its men leaving only two of its twenty-two officers fit for duty.

Following the battles for control, Degrelle was promoted to the rank of Feldwebel. On May 1 1942 he was promoted to Lieutenant. Although his academic background made Degrelle unfit for front-line military duties none could question the Belgian soldier's personal courage. He had proved it time after time in the mountainous terrain in which, outnumbered and isolated, he and his comrades fought as professional soldiers of the highest calibre.

The wearisome year of 1942 wore on. Throughout the spring and autumn months Lieutenant Leon Degrelle and the Walloon Regiments were involved in countless holding battles and skirmishes along the Eastern Front. Their troops rarely lost ground and always recovered ground at heavy cost to the Red Army. Such was their outstanding efforts that their valour and tenacity attracted the the attention of SS Reichsfuhrer Heinrich Himmler. The head of the SS, a National Socialist German Workers Party member since August 1923, was impressed enough to incorporate the Walloons into the Waffen SS. This was an honour that both Degrelle and his men accepted with great pride. The troops saw it as another instrument to eventually influence sentiment in favour of an independent Walloon State in the homeland known as Belgium.

During the spring of 1943 the Walloon Waffen SS were sent to a number of Waffen SS training camps for the purpose of further developing their fighting skills. Once training was completed Walloon Sturmbannführer Luicien Lippert was appointed commander of the newly formed 28th Waffen-SS

In the spring of 1943 the 28th Waffen-SS were sent to various SS training camps and were elevated to new heights of combat prowess. In November with training complete, Sturmbannführer Luicien Lippert was appointed commander of the new 28th SS Freiwilligen Panzergrenadeir Division Wallonie with Leon Degrelle as his Chief of Staff.

Returned to the Eastern Front the 28th SS Freiwilligen Panzergrenadeir Division Wallonie fought gallantly. In January 1944 the Division was posted to a sector not far from the Cherkassy salient in the centre of Bolshevik Occupied Ukraine. The Red Army countered and fought heroically and within weeks had turned the salient into a trap. The German defensive forces, which included 5 Frw Sturmbrigade Wallonian, would again experience hand-to-hand combat that was unrelenting in its ferocity and dreadful loss of life.

It was during the fighting in the salient that Sturmbannführer Luicien Lippert lost his life when gunned down outside a Ukrainian peasant dwelling. Degrelle was wounded in the same pitched battle, suffering from bullet and shrapnel wounds. The commander, Sturmbannführer Luicien Lippert, was posthumously promoted to Obersturmbannführer and awarded the Deutsches Kreuz in Gold. This award would mean a great deal to the gallant officer's family and of course posterity. For his part Leon Degrelle was awarded the coveted Knights Cross. Further on in his illustrious career the Belgian fighter would receive the Oak Leaves. For the part he played in the breakout from Cherkassy salient, which had the happy consequence of saving the lives of the German troops engaged in the redoubt, the German Chancellor commended him saying, "If I had a son I would want him to be like you."

It was against the Führer's wishes that Leon Degrelle later returned to the Eastern Front. There, he and his troops held the line all the way back through the retreat to war torn

Germany, then suffering heavily through allied bombing raids. Upon the defeat of the Reich Leon Degrelle escaped his Russian captors only to be sentenced to death by the Belgian government. As deftly and as resourcefully as he had previously slipped his Red captives Leon Degrelle escaped to Spain. There he was granted sanctuary and political asylum by General Francisco Franco. Leon Degrelle lived in Malaga for the rest of his life and he died peacefully there in 1994. When interviewed by a Belgian journalist, long after the war's end, he was asked if he had any regrets about the war. Without a moment's hesitation he answered simply, "Only that we lost."

SS GENERAL LEON DEGRELLE

“Hitler was the greatest statesman Europe has ever known. History will prove that when whipped up emotions have died down. He was more matter of fact, generally more unfolded than Napoleon. Napoleon was more of a vanquishing, empire-founding Frenchman than a true European.

‘Hitler, in his being a man of his time, dreamed of an enduring, just, honest Europe, unified by the initiative of the victor. A Europe however in which each ethnic group could develop according to their merits and accomplishments. The proof of this is that he offered Marshall Petain his hand. Just as Bismarck knew how to outgrow Prussia and become a German so Hitler soon changed from being a German to being a European.

At an early stage he disconnected himself from imperialistic ambition. Without any difficulty he began to think of himself as a European and initiated the creation of a Europe in which Germany - like Prussia in Bismarck’s time, was to be the foundation stone.

Some comrades of the Fuhrer might still have been short-sighted Pan-Germanists. But Hitler had the genius, the right scale, the absence of bias and the necessary vision to accomplish the terrific task. He had an authority, not to be found a second time in the history of the continent. His success would have established wealth and civilisation of Europe for centuries, probably forever. Hitler’s plans for Europe would have meant a blessing for us all.” - SS General Leon Degrelle.

AUSTRIA / GERMANY

PAULA HITLER’S LAST STATEMENT

IN HOMAGE TO HER BROTHER

21 JANUARY 1896 - 1 JUNE 1960

Paula Hitler

Translated from the original German by Gerry Frederics. Frau Paula Hitler, sister of German Chancellor Adolph Hitler, penned the following statement 12 years after the death of her brother.

“Gentlemen! - Never forget this: Your names will long be forgotten even before your bodies have rotted away in the earth. But the name Adolph Hitler will still be a light in the darkness. You cannot murder him by drowning his memory in your sick-buckets and you cannot strangle him with your filthy, ink-stained fingers. His name exists forever in hundreds of thousands of souls. You are far too insignificant to even touch him.

He loved Germany. He fretted over Germany. When he fought for honour and respect he fought for German Honour, for respect for Germany and when there was nothing left, he gave his life for Germany. What have you given so far? Which one of you would give his life for Germany? The only things you care about are riches, power and never ending luxurious living. When you think of Germany, you think of indulging your senses without

responsibility, without cares?

Trust me on this: The Führer's utter unselfishness in word and deed alone guarantees his immortality. The fact that the bitter fight for Germany's greatness wasn't crowned by success, like for example Cromwell's in Britain, has a lot to do with the mentality of the people involved. On the one hand the Englishman's character is essentially unfair, ruled by jealousy, self-importance, and a lack of consideration. But he never forgets he is an Englishman, loyal to his people and to his crown. On the other hand, the German with his need for recognition is never first and foremost a German.

Therefore it doesn't matter to you, you insignificant beings, if you destroy the entire nation. Your only guiding thought will always be me first - me second - me third. In your worthlessness you will never think of the welfare of the nation, and with that pitiful philosophy you wish to prevent the immortality of a giant? What I wrote down immediately after the war has been proven to be correct. That my convictions are true is evident even as late as 1957. - Signed, Paula Hitler, Berchtesgaden. May 1, 1957.

NOTE: The note was aimed at German recipients but perhaps the message is as well aimed at those who, if the cap fits, wear it.

Paula Hitler as a young woman.

Seven years her brother’s junior

THE NETHERLANDS
FLORENTINE VAN TONNINGEN
LOYAL TO DEATH
14 NOVEMBER 1914 - 24 MARCH 2007

Florentine Rost van Toningen

I suppose it could be said that Florentine Rost van Toningen epitomised the perfect European woman. The Dutch lady fits perfectly the character of woman often held up as an example of womanhood during the Third Reich era.

Born in Amsterdam in The Netherlands at the outbreak of The Great War she was the third of four children. All were adored by their German Army officer father, who was also a banker. The family name was Heubel, Gustav Adolph Heubel was of German-Dutch blood as are many of the Dutch gentry. Her mother was Dutch through and through, Frisian, of sound and hardy stock. The four siblings were much loved and were indulged as far as circumstances allowed during those dark days of the Great War war and its dreadful aftermath.

A typical youngster of the period Florentine's family owned a garden farm. Many European families were self sufficient before the war; in many parts of Europe they still are. If eggs were required, a chicken or perhaps a duck, one did not go to the local supermarket for a visit to the garden would suffice. Their family life enjoyed a pleasing middle class lifestyle. Army Officers, as in the armed forces elsewhere, were hugely respected and were well paid.

Florentine spoke German fluently and as a student excelled at drawing and biology. Later she was educated in Britain and in Switzerland in order to better develop her language skills. The young Dutch woman was something of an academic with a compulsion for

absorbing knowledge. She was 22-years of age when her happy feet took her off to Helgoland. There, she was to learn avian and marine biology. Soon afterwards, she was on her way with her brother Wim, to the Dutch East Indies. The family had plantation ingress in what is now known as Indonesia.

Back in her home country, Florentine, now in early twenties was witness to the dramatic rise of National Socialism in neighbouring Germany. Indeed, Florentine spent some time in Berlin. The German capital was radically and pleasingly different from the previous seedy 1920s debasement so reflective of the old and ousted Weimar regime.

Throughout the 1930s much of Europe viewed the social improvements in Germany with envy and something approaching awe. Miss Florentine Heubel, like tens of millions of others throughout Europe, the tourists especially, was impressed with the new revitalised National Socialist Germany. Everywhere she travelled there was an abundance of prosperity, a cheerful and relaxed lifestyle.

Florentine and her brother Wim, fascinated and impressed by what they experienced during their stay in Germany, were soon afterwards to enroll in the Nayional Socialistische Beweging Jeugdstorm Party. The Party was the Dutch equivalent to the Hitler Jugend. Florentine's brother, Wim, would later be killed whilst serving with the Waffen SS.

It was due to her political activity in Holland that Florentine met the man who was to become her husband, Dr. Meinoud Rost van Tonningen. A former Assistant Commissioner for the Vienna-based League of Nations, he was also a leading light in the Nayional Socialistische Beweging Jeugdstorm Party. (NSB). The two lovers were married late in 1940.

This period in Europe was known as the 'Phony War', the stand-off between France and Britain. Germany's neighbours seemingly needed to slake their insatiable appetite for profitable war with their arch trading rival, National Socialist Germany. Constantly turning the other cheek, as Russia's President Vladimir Putin does today, Hitler's Germany was giving the French and British neither reason nor excuse to continue the conflict. Germany was getting on with its life. The German government carefully steered the ship of state between diplomacy and wary preparedness. German society, refusing to respond to the threat of war, got on with their life too. There were certainly many similarities between the then and the now anti-Russian sanctions and sabre rattling rhetoric spewing from Western governments and mainstream media.

In May 1940, having got wind of England's plans to invade Germany through France and the Low Countries, Germany pre-emptively struck and thwarted England's warlike ambitions by occupying France and the Low Countries. Florentine's husband took up a post as President of the Bank of the Netherlands. He was also unofficial advisor to the German Chancellor on matters pertaining to European Economic Development. Her husband's next meeting with Adolph Hitler was not to be until 1944 when the deteriorating situation was a subject of their discussions. Florentine, accompanied her husband and was presented with a magnificent bouquet by the German leader.

This was a period of great anxiety. Her husband Meinoud volunteered to put on hold his banking career in order that he might serve as a member of the Dutch Waffen-SS. He did so and he fought courageously but by this time the outcome of the war had been decided

by fate. The armies of the Reich, fighting tenaciously on many fronts, were being overwhelmed by sheer numbers. Outnumbered 2.5 to one, the German nation would soon to be overpowered by the triad co-operative made up of the Union of Soviet Republics (USSR), United States and the British Empire.

At the close of the war, captured by Allied troops, Florentine's husband, received similar treatment as that meted out to nearly all Axis prisoners-of-war. Left to the tender mercies of his Canadian soldier gaolers, these uniformed thugs were well aware that they were unaccountable for anything they did to prisoners. Florentine's husband, Meinoud Tonningen was tortured and beaten relentlessly and was later to die in captivity. The cause of his death was said to be suicide. In fact the cause of death was his insider's knowledge of the financial transactions that had taken place by the Dutch elite before and during the war. His wife Florentine was afterwards denied access to her husband's body. There was good reason for the denial. Her husband's remains, at that stage, were totally unrecognisable. From what an informant later explained to her it was best she did not see her husband's body. Meinoud Tonningen remains were never returned to her by the victorious Allied occupiers. The official seal on the case of her husband's arrest, detention, torture and death has never been released. It is unlikely to be so.

Welcome to liberated Holland. The widow, now with three youngsters to care for, was also subjected to imprisonment, beatings and other indignities. Florentine van Toningen eventually emerged with the scars of the brutality and set up her own small company. This thriving business employed two to three score of workers. The successful company manufactured wind-powered drying machines used for domestic purposes.

Not once did this gentleman lady waver in her devotion to National Socialism, not once, despite the hardships, did she ever regret her loyalty towards National Socialism. For the rest of her life Florentine van Toningen devoted her time to fighting in the defence of National Socialism. Tirelessly, she published articles in not only her own language but German and English too in which she revealed the truth about the defeated ideal.

For the rest of her life the elderly lady was continually assaulted and her home attacked by Leftists and liberals. The Dutch police also often raided the elderly lady's home finding no evidence of illegal activity. Regular National Socialist soirées were held at her home in Velp, a small town situated a little outside Arnhem. Florentine van Toningen was later to take up residence in Wassmunster in Belgium. Florentine Rost van Tonningen, passed away on March 24, 2007. Upon her gravestone where she rests the inscription: 'The Truth Makes You Free.'

ESTONIA

ALFRED ROSENBERG

REICH MINISTER FOR THE OCCUPIED TERRITORIES

12 JANUARY 1893 - 16 OCTOBER 1946

All German and AXIS nations officers and servicemen, upon surrendering were seized, manacled, and placed under 24-hour surveillance armed guard. A final humiliation was their being stripped of their uniforms, military decorations, rank insignia and their personal belongings. These captives were then placed in unheated cells and kept, like some animals, under the harshest conditions. A forerunner of Guantanamo Bay, methods of suffering varied but certainly included lights burning constantly 24-hours. Guards would roughly awaken their captives should they change the sleeping position. Prisoners rations were barely sufficient to keep them alive. Sleep deprivation was a commonly used methods of pre-trial softening up.

The wives and children of captured German officers were also arrested and detained. Although innocent of any offence these unfortunate family members were insulted and abused over long periods of time. Typical was that of Frau Hedwig Rosenberg, wife of Alfred Rosenberg, the Estonian born philosopher. Both she and the couple's 16-year old daughter, Irene, were arrested and imprisoned. Family members who had not been arrested but were awaiting brainwashing sessions known as denazification, were not allowed to visit relatives held.

The record of Reich Minister for the Occupied Territories, Alfred Rosenberg, was meritorious by any standards. Upon the pre-emptive invasion of Ukraine and Russia in 1940 Alfred Rosenberg had been appointed as Reich Minister for the Eastern Occupied Territories. Under his proposals the population of these territories would be encouraged to resist the Soviet occupation of their countries. These were primarily but not exclusively the Baltic States, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania and Belarus. The Ukraine and the Caucasus were included. If granted autonomy then these nations would act as buffer states between Germany and Russia. This would ensure a peaceful and secure future for Europe. The Reich Minister had a very high regard for the Eastern Europeans, mostly Slavs, whom he regarded Slavs as a branch of the Aryan race.

Reich Minister Alfred Rosenberg upon appointment immediately repealed Stalin's collective farm system. Essentially, these large agricultural farmlands were to become peasant plantations funded by Wall Street banking and financial institutions. These were ruthlessly managed by the Bolsheviks after their overthrow of the democratically elected

government and authorities of Tsarist Russia.

Regime changing tactics have been demonstrated time after time by Washington DC and Wall Street. A recent example was the regime change or coup in Ukraine. In 2013, after the elected President Victor Yanukavich rejected pressure to apply for European Union membership, his government was ousted. U.S. Assistant Secretary of State, Victoria Nuland, admitted that the overthrow of the elected government of Ukraine had cost the U.S. $7 billion. Today, the Washington / EU approved president is the deeply unpopular Pyotr Poroshenko. He is a Jewish billionaire oligarch. The Civil War that followed the Bolshevik ousting of the 1917 St Petersburg Government of Russia has been repeated in Ukraine.

The Reich Minister for the (German) Occupied Territories also issued an Agrarian Law in February 1942. This annulled all Soviet legislation on farming and restored family farm to their original owners. The Minister also encouraged the populations of these liberated lands to enlist in the Axis armed forces and the Waffen-SS to join in the struggle against the Red Terror. The 14th Waffen Grenadier Division of the SS (1stGalician) was duly formed in 1943.

Rosenberg's success was remarkable. Under his direction the greatest army in European history, the only European army to exceed more than one million men under arms, was formed. The unfortunate captive when 'tried', was accused of crimes against peace. The unfortunate captive was executed by hanging on October 16 1946.

Online 'encyclopaedia' Wikipedia, put together by amateur historians, claims Alfred Rosenberg had nothing to say in his defence. This is quite untrue. It is however understandable that there is little wish to publish the celebrated philosopher's thoughts before his being hanged with other leaders. These hangings took place on, 'coincidently', the Jewish Feast Days Hoshana Raba, October 15 / 16.

STATEMENTS MADE BY ALFRED ROSENBERG BEFORE BEING HANGED

"Crimes against Christianity? Did you ever pay any attention to the Russian crimes against Christianity?"

"The Russians have the nerve to sit in judgement, with thirty million lives on their conscience? Talk about persecution of the Church! Why! They are the world's experts. They killed priests by the thousands during their revolution. The persecution of the Church is a big question that goes back hundreds of years, and there are several sides to the question. The Lord only knows how much blood has been spilled by and because of the Church."

THE TRAGIC AFTERMATH

Sadly, the eastern nations that Alfred Rosenberg liberated from Soviet oppression were

returned to the Soviet dictator's blood-soaked regime. This was committed under terms and agreements co-signed by British Prime Minister Winston Churchill, U.S. Presidents Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Harry S. Truman. Reich Minister Alfred Rosenberg was yet another hero of the Reich. His daughter, Irene, was subsequently released. The young woman refused to collaborate with her country's occupiers. His daughter, always faithful, rejected interviews invited by palace journalists and historians.

FREE RUSSIA

REICH MINISTER ALFRED ROSENBERG'S RUSSIAN HEROES

FORMER RED ARMY GENERAL ANDRE VLASOV

In his essay 'The Russian Question at the End of the 20th Century,' which appeared in the renowned Russian literary magazine Nowij mir In July 1994, Alexander Solzhenitsyn, the internationally renowned writer, essayist and philosopher wrote:

"As for the attempt on the German side to form Russian volunteer units, and the belated formation of the Vlassov army, I have already covered that in the Gulag Archipelago. It is indicative of their valour and devotion that at the end of the winter of 1944-45, when it

was obvious to everyone that Hitler had lost the war, in those last few months, tens of thousands of Russians volunteered for that Russian army of liberation.

“This was the real voice of the Russian people. The story of the Russian Liberation Army has been slandered by ideologues as well as the nations of the West, which could not imagine that the Russians desired liberation for themselves. Nevertheless it represents a heroic and manly page in Russian history. We still believe in its continuation and future today’ - (Page 120 of Piper’s German translation, Munich, 1994.)

LIECHTENSTEIN

THE SMALLEST COUNTRY

WITH THE BIGGEST HEART

Hundreds of thousands of Eastern Europeans and Russians, who had fought to free their countries from the scourge of Soviet oppression, were rounded up by the Allies Armies as the war drew to its bloody end. In many cases the divisions’ offer to surrender was turned down by the armies of the United States and Britain. The outcome was their being surrendered to the Soviet Red Army. As they men, their women and children, were disembarked from Allied shipping, trucked or entrained to waiting Red Army troops, these captives were massacred in groups.

There is no record of the numbers murdered. A guess can be made from our knowing that in excess of one million men, and their camp followers, served the Russian Army of Liberation. If their families were not with them then obviously all had families either in the Soviet territories. A conservative estimate therefore suggests the deaths and Gulag slavery of up to 4 million members of those Eastern European states and Russian regions who had earlier been liberated from Soviet tyranny by the armed forces of Germany and the Axis armies.

Tens of thousands of these unfortunate captives were rounded up by the British 8th Army. Corralled for weeks and months, they were then, in their tens of thousands, forced on to trucks, trains and Allied shipping in groups. These stateless captives were against their will were shipped like cattle to Soviet frontiers. Within earshot of British servicemen, these hapless refugees were machine gunned in groups. Earlier made promises that they would not be ‘repatriated’ were broken. In fact, many were not being repatriated for they had never been citizens of Soviet Occupied countries.

Many refugees and former ROA servicemen and women did manage to free themselves from the huge Allied encampments. This desperate Diaspora became scattered throughout starving war ravaged Europe. A significant number of Russian Liberation Army (ROA) service personnel did reach the small landlocked Central European principality of Liechtenstein. Despite its diminutive size and close proximity of the threatening Red Army this lion-hearted community refused Soviet demands to return these unfortunate refugees to the USSR. These fortunate escapees were later permitted to emigrate to Argentina.

THE WORLD BEHIND HITLER
GERMAN AND NON-GERMAN VOLUNTEERS
THE GHOSTS OF THE WAFFEN-SS

Throughout the Eastern Front, where the fiercest battles of World War 2 took place, grave robbers known as black archaeologists are constantly engaged in searching for military artefacts. These ghoulish souvenirs are then sold throughout Europe and the U.S. There seems to be an inexhaustible appetite for such macabre objects.

Other than the dangers of unexploded devices and the horror of exhuming human remains, paranormal events are often experienced by researchers. In 1997, six grave robbers drew close to the war ravaged ruins of Makaryevsky monastery in the Leningradsky region. Noticing what appeared to be a bonfire in the distance the group approached the flames. These suggested perhaps a cottage or vehicle ablaze. On nearing the scene the curious party was shaken to discover that the inferno was seemingly suspended in the air. On the party drawing closer the flames died down and then disappeared.

The companions disturbed sleep that night was constantly broken by human screams coming from the direction of the nearby forest. This caused the men apprehension and unsurprisingly curiosity. When dawn broke one of their party volunteered to venture into the forest to see if he could find any clues as to the source of the screams. Bravely, the souvenir hunter wandered into the tree line and then disappeared from view. Although the expedition member was experienced in the ways of the wilderness, and was not given to undue nervousness, he soon afterwards became totally disoriented. He could then recall little of his passage through the forest.

Stalingrad

None of the remaining party dared to enter the forest and to search for their companion. His associates had about given him up for lost when, dishevelled, and in clothes now badly soiled and torn, he emerged exhausted from the tree line. The wanderer re-joined the party of professional battlefield scavengers. One of his companions was to record that he had ‘an insane look on his face.’ Questioned by his curious companions, he either could not or would not offer a clue as to whathe had discovered. He remained tight-lipped. If he had the key to the mystery he kept it to himself.

One of the more notorious of such war related paranormal event zones is to be found in the valley of Myasnoy Bor 30km from Novgorod. Here, during the 1942 Lyuban Offensive, the Soviet 2nd Attack Army confronted divisions of the Wehrmacht and Waffen SS. These fighting troops included volunteers of the División Española de Voluntarios or Spanish Blue Division.

Galina Pavlova, from Engels, leads a search group. She tells of an incident she shared with others in 1997: “The forests of Myasnoy Bor are scary and mystical. As soon as you find yourself alone, sounds begin to come from the forest. You can clearly hear yells as if battle still rages.”

War graves explorer, Alexei, used to excavate in the woods near Bryansk where the Red

Army was dug in between 1942 and 1943. He says: “We excavated the bodies of six Russian and 11 German soldiers, four of which were Wehrmacht soldiers, in a swamp trench shelter. We then cut the trench logs and discovered decomposed German boots with bones sticking out. Little by little we dug out the remains of four people. It was getting dark. We left the skeletons at the trench and camped on the meadow 200 metres away.”

He told of how later the party was awoken from their sleep by one of the group who explained that something strange was going on. “We got up and began to listen very carefully. It was unmistakable. We could hear German speech, songs, laughing, and the clatter of tank tracks. It was very scary.”

The war graves enthusiast went on to then describe their returning in the morning light to the trench they had previously been working on. As expected all was much as they had left it. However, when walking a little further on they saw what appeared to be fresh tank ditches and tracks.

Another haunted zone is Novokhopersk situated in the eastern section of Voronezh. Members of an exhibition, led by acclaimed battlefields archaeologist Genrikh Silanov, took photographs of ghostly uniformed troops near tents. Expert researchers were later baffled by a ghostly figure of a soldier who appeared to be inexplicably wearing Czech uniform. According to their records there were no Czech units in action on this field of battle. Later they discovered that a Czech unit had in fact integrated with the Red Army. Genrikh Silanov believes the pictures are ‘chronal mirages’ created by what he calls memory fields connected to dramatic events of the past.

SPAIN

THE SPANISH WAFFEN-SS

División Española de Voluntarios

24 JUNE 1941 - 8 MAY 1945

División Española de Voluntarios

Although Spain remained neutral was not a member of the Axis armed forces the Spaniards could not forget their suffering under the Soviet inspired, financed and fought 1936 - 1938 Civil War. Following the outbreak of war the Spanish got their chance to even the score. Their country and people had suffered tragically during the Socialist regime of Dolores Ibarruri. By taking up arms against Soviet Communism it was thought they could repay the German nation for their have come to their assistance during the Civil War.

The Spanish government, in an attempt to appease governments of the Allied armed forces, agreed on 4,000 volunteers being accepted. The Generalissimo's limitation was a futile gesture. Throughout Spain there seemed to be no end to the flood of volunteers coming forward to enlist. There were soon enough to form an entire Division. In all, 18,104 men were enlisted. The Division consisted of 2,612 officers and 15,492 infantrymen, many of them, due to the earlier Civil War, were already battle hardened.

These formed the División Española de Voluntarios better known as the Blue Division due to the blue shirts of the Falange (Fascist Party) worn under their field-gray uniforms.

These experienced Civil War veterans fought alongside their German comrades as the 250th Infantry Division of the German Army. In all, up to 47,000 men served in the Blue (Azul) Division. The German Chancellor told the commander of the División Española de Voluntarios, General Augustin Muinag Grandes, that he considered the Blue Division 'equal to the best German Divisions." Over half of the Division became casualties of the conflict.

Wherever the Reich Forces appeared; obviously Greater Germany but throughout Europe, Eastern Europe, Russia, they could be assured of a great welcome.

GERMANY

Rudolf Höss

THE MAN WHO SURVIVED BRITISH TORTURE

25 NOVEMBER 1901 – 16 APRIL 1947

When browsing newspapers much of the editorial relating to the German prison camps will include the name camp Commandant Rudolf Höss. Newspaper readers are blissfully unaware that much of what they read has little basis in fact. This is the speculative over-egged fantasy propaganda of the victors. The Daily Mail typically carries four 'Nazi Stories' each week. This adds up to 216 such stories annually or 2,160 tall tales every ten years. The hapless reader is left with the impression that concentration camps were exclusively a German phenomenon. Most people can reel off the names of the more notorious camps; Belson, Dachau, Ravensbruck, and Auschwitz of course.

Ask about the Soviet Gulag archipelago, the vast network of Soviet slave camps scattered across the USSR, then one receives in return blank stares. Ask how many prisoners are thought to have died in the Soviet camps. Again, most ordinary people do not have a clue. The figures are conservatively estimated at being in the region of 20 million souls. As these figures cannot be disputed palace journalists and 'historians' do not bother do do so. Far better to pretend that the Gulag did not exist. On the other hand, these same charlatans of poison pen malice, resist all attempts at objective analysis of the German (American, French, Indo-China, or Easter European) concentration camp systems.

To test the water, I visited Face Book groups dealing exclusively with the minutiae of the maritime city of Liverpool. Members knowledge on the smallest detail of the city's history was impressive. Yet, no one had ever heard of the British concentration camp in their own city. Few people are aware that, during the war there were in Britain, the Isle of Man and Northern Ireland, no less than 1,050 concentration camps.

It is shameful enough that most media stories are based on over-imaginative fantasy and speculation. It is shameful beyond redemption that many published as true accounts of concentration camp life and death were extracted from tortured prisoners. Mainstream media readers, in their innocence no doubt, are are no different from observers and note-takers who attended medieval torture sessions. It would be more honest if palace journalists and historians would at least put an end note to their articles, 'we obtained this information by torture.'

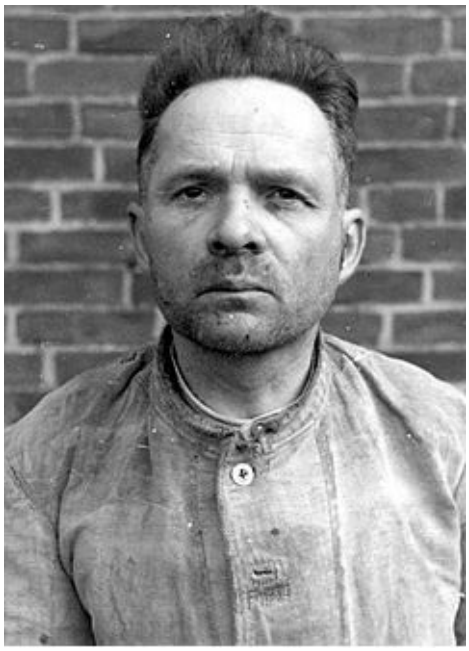
One often reads of the 'confessions' of Rudolf Höss, the former commandant of Auschwitz labour camp. In the belief that this 'evidence' was gathered in a legal and acceptable manner, these so-called confessions add credibility to the victors myth of German brutality. It is one of the great ironies of this period that Allied methods of torture, used to extract 'confessions' from prisoners-of-war, were as extreme as were the charges levelled at their helpless captives.

Auschwitz Commandant Rudolf Höss provides the original source of much of the Auschwitz death camp myth. In the defence of journalists and broadcasters many of these hacks simply know no better. They are as misinformed as are so many people. They are, to quote one (Jewish) researcher, recycling or re-writing with embellishment earlier published propaganda and fiction. To be remembered also, journalists and historians also need to eat.

Upon Germany's surrender to the Allies, Auschwitz camp Commandant Rudolf Höss, perhaps unwisely, never attempted to evade his being captured. The officer would of

course have heard stories circulating about Allied mistreatment of prisoners-of-war. But, such rumours will always be part of the war debris of misinformation. As most would in such circumstances he had a fear of capture but only of a period of imprisonment and questioning. This would be an inconvenience that would deprive his family of its bread winner.

After all why would he have need for concern? The rules of war are clear. The officer had every expectation of his being cleared of any wrongdoing. Commandant Rudolf Höss was a camp and industrial complex manager, nothing more. All about the Auschwitz camp was managed within the norms of international law. Representatives of the International Red Cross and similar independent bodies routinely visited and given opportunity to visit the camp and to question its inmates. Britain and the United States, along with other allies had thousands of such camps. These confined all those thought to pose even a mild threat to the country's war aims.



Rudolf Höss in captivity

In Britain many thousands of ordinary British people were gaoled under a hastily contrived piece of legislation called 'Regulation 18B'. They were joined in the camps and prisons by thousands of innocents of German, and later, Italian blood. British political dissidents, those opposed to the war with Germany were imprisoned without trial for years merely for being considered anti-war or ambiguous in their political beliefs. It was said 'that every decoration from the Victoria Cross downwards could be seen on the prison yard at Brixton'.

Lord Jowett, Lord Chancellor to the House of Lords, on December 11 1946, conceded: "Let us be fair to these people who were imprisoned under 18B, and let us remember that they have never been accused of any crime, not only have they not been convicted of any crime, but they have never been accused of any crime."

The Soviet Union, ruled with a bloodied fist by Josef Stalin, co-conspirator of US President Franklin D. Roosevelt and Premier Winston Churchill, held an estimated 20 million innocents in thousands of camps in conditions far worse than those at Auschwitz or any German camps. These awful Soviet camps, in which few survived, were scattered across the Soviet Union from the frontiers of Finland to the far East of Siberia where the Soviet Union was just a short boat ride from the United States. Of thousands of Gulag Soviet camp commandants, men and women responsible for such terrible crimes, not a single one of them was ever brought to face justice.

Simon Finch, writing for The Times (January 28, 2000): "No iconic images exist to symbolise the millions who died in Stalin's camps. There is no archive. There has been no public process of reckoning, and precious little public discussion of guilt. There is no chance of a memorial day for the victims of Stalin."

There is in fact one such monument. This stands outside the dreadful Moscow prison Lubianka and bears the inscription: 'In memory of the millions of victims of a totalitarian regime.' No such memorial exists, to my knowledge, in the West. The Times journalist recounts a conversation with a former inmate: "You have to remember, all the heads of the camps, all the investigators, all the prosecutors, all those who confirmed our sentences, were Jews."

Not a single one of these Jewish interrogators, journalists, commandants, or their Gentile assistants in torture and mass murder, were ever brought to trial. Yet, the Jewish Diaspora continue to complain about their being persecuted. It is precisely because they as an ethic group are guaranteed never to be persecuted, prosecuted or exposed that they can condemn tens of millions of innocent people to death and emerge from their blood-letting seemingly blameless.

In the United States there were hundreds of Auschwitz type barrack formation camps built to house German and Italian prisoners. Americans tended not to take Japanese prisoners in their Asian Pacific war. These prisoners-of-war were systematically slaughtered as they fell into the hands of the American Forces. As revealed by USAF veteran and pioneering aviator, Charles Lindbergh, U.S. Army commanders complained. Their troops were killing so many Japanese prisoners there were too few prisoners left to interrogate.

In the United States over 100,000 Americans of Japanese ancestry, along with those of German and Italian descent, were rounded up and caged without trial. The same can be said of Britain. There were built, often in remote locations, hundreds of Auschwitz like labour camps. These camps were scattered across the landscapes of Scotland, England, Wales, the Isle of Man and Northern Ireland.

The German managed Auschwitz camp is to be found in Poland. Promoted very much along similar marketing lines as standard for theme parks the wartime industrial complex has become a place of pilgrimage for foreign heads of government prepared to show their fawning credentials to Israel.

Let us now return to the camp's unfortunate German Commandant Rudolf Höss. One year following the war's end the prisoner was brought from his cell to face the International Military Tribunal. These military tribunals were not legitimate courts of law. Nor were they presided over by qualified jurists such as those we would recognise.

Very few of the prosecutors or other personnel who make up the courtroom theatre were legitimate jurists. The methods of trial, questioning and cross examining were far from being as they are to be found in ordinary British, European or American courtrooms. Yet, hardened as the court was to the abject appearance of their suffering defendants, the appearance of camp Commandant Rudolf Höss was said to have 'caused a sensation.'

Jaws dropped as Rudolf Höss confessed to crimes that Genghis Khan and his armies would have been proud of. If it wasn't so tragic the prosecuting evidence and court procedure would have been laughable. Their prisoner in the dock, accused of crimes only the sickest of minds could nightmare up, claimed to have been personally instructed by Reichs Minister Heinrich Himmler to exterminate all Jews. To this end, his one camp alone, he said, had been responsible for the murder of three million inmates, all Jewish.

Nowhere at Auschwitz today is there suggestion that anything like such numbers died at the camp. This figure would, according the World Jewish Almanac, have meant that in this one camp one quarter of world Jewry had been gassed. How on earth Reichs Minister Himmler managed to find so many Jews outside German territories is difficult to imagine. But then, such figures, even today, must never be questioned. Merely to do so in today Germany or France invites prosecution and a sentence up to five ears in gaol. Imagine then the poker faced court scribes scratching away with their pens as they took down the testimony of a clearly deranged man. Their prisoner was clearly driven to insanity by months of extreme torture. How the quasi-court personnel could continue with such judicial theatre makes any rational human being despair of the human race and the banality of evil it can descend to.

Thirty-seven years would pass before the truth would finally emerge about the prison conditions endured by that unfortunate German officer before he was finally led in shackles to stand before the kangaroo court set up by the allies.

Rudolf Höss was originally taken into custody by British officers Bernard Clarke and Rupert Butler. The two officers openly and proudly boasted of the brutality meted out to their prisoner. Their evidence was that Rudolf Höss had been taken into custody on March 11 1946. They conceded: "It took three days of torture to obtain a coherent confession." A euphemism of forcing their hapless victim to confess precisely to crimes that his interrogators and torturers wanted him to confess to.

How on earth anyone can make a coherent statement after three days of torture is anyone's guess. It was this so-called confession by Höss that was to seal the fate of the unfortunate captive. Revealed, the sequence of events as recounted by the man's torturers, British soldiers of the 92nd Field Security Section.

On the date of Commandant Rudolf Höss being taken into custody, Bernard Clarke, Rupert Butler and four other intelligence specialists, dressed in British Army uniform, in threatening manner entered the home of Frau Höss and her children. According to later statements all six men were 'practised in the more sophisticated techniques of sustained and merciless investigation.'

The lady of the house was told that unless she revealed her husband's whereabouts they would turn her and her children over to the Red Army. Frau Höss broke down. The commandant's distressed and fearful wife revealed the location of the nearby farm where

her husband was working incognito. The family's son and daughter were also interrogated. This produced the same information.

On their appearance (at the farm) in the small hours of the night Höss screamed in terror, a portent of what fate awaited him no doubt. When asked to reveal his identity Rudolf Höss gave a false name. Sergeant Clarke's fist smashed into their prisoner's face. On the fourth blow he conceded his true identity. The soldiers of course knew from the beginning that their prey was the camp's commandant. There was no need for the gratuitous violence. It says much for the arrogance of the occupying forces and the compliant media that this, and subsequent treatment towards, not just towards Rudolf Höss but most captives, is even today considered legitimate and unremarkable.

At this point of the captive's interrogation their captive was torn out of his bunk where he had been sleeping and his pyjamas were ripped from his body. Under a constant barrage of kicks and blows, with the six burly uniformed men competing with each other for their turn as assaulting their naked victim, Rudolf Höss was dragged to a nearby farm table. Eventually, one of the assailants, a medical officer no less, advised against further beatings. He warned that otherwise they would be returning with a corpse. Sadly for their victim he did not then die.

The methods of torture I will skip over. They are distressing to the extreme. For those who, for whatever reason, wish to avail themselves of the methods of extreme torture used on Rudolf Höss I refer them to the venerable Dr. Robert Faurisson's detailed reports.

It is enough to say that Rudolf Höss was deprived of sleep whilst his guards took it in turns to visit upon the unfortunate man every debasement that sick minds can dream up. His torturers' interests were to keep their prisoner alive - just. And so it was, the sergeant boasts, "three days before we got a statement off Höss.' This treatment was corroborated by Ken Jones, one of the officer's guards, in an article published in the Wrexham Evening Leader (Wales) October 17, 1986.

Not surprisingly their half dead terrified prisoner, by this time clearly deranged, was telling his captors the most outlandish stories imaginable. Most of his statements were so bizarre and nightmarish that few normal minds could possibly dream them up. Notes were studiously taken and subsequently this former German officer of the old school was brought before his hand picked accusers as with straight faces his inquisitors impersonated legitimate judicial judges. The condition of Commandant Rudolf Höss was described as 'schizoid apathy.' No surprises there then.

The American prison psychologist G. M. Gilbert, who was in charge of psychological surveillance of the prisoners, and whose evidence was accepted by the court, revealed: "Höss was split in two."' No surprises there then either.

Equally predictable, Commandant Officer Rudolf Höss was sentenced to the death sentence. After what he had been so far subjected to that death sentence must have been something of a relief. Rudolf Höss reacted 'with indifference.' The commandant was hanged in Poland in April 1947.

GERMANY

TRUE REAL HEROES OF THE ALLIED HOLOCAUST

Dresden before and after RAF / USAF bombing

London Times. British Official History of the Strategic Air Offensive.

“One closes these volumes feeling, uneasily, that the true heroes of the story they tell are neither the contending air marshals, nor even the 58,888 officers and men of Bomber Command who were killed in action. They were the inhabitants of the German cities under attack, the men, women and children who stoically endured and worked on among the flaming ruins of their homes and factories, up till the moment when the allied armies overran them.”

There have been hundreds of books and thousands of magazine or newspaper accounts of the British blitz. Yet, the consequences of German bombing raids, on Britain, looked at from a distance and objectively, were very much a minor detail in the broader theatre of Britain’s war against Germany. The common perception is that of Britain reduced to

rubble by the ferocity of vicious German bombing raids. Yet, as late as September 1941, Britain's foremost financial news periodical, The Economist conceded that only 2% of British real estate had been destroyed by German bombing.

The report concludes on the condemnation of 'The furious pace at speculators who were buying up the bombed sites for a song.' The editorial went on to comment: 'This created such a scandal that the Government established a requirement that such premises, when taken for the purposes of reconstruction, was to be paid for at the rates prevailing in March 1939.'

Such images were later used by allied

propagandists as concentration camp victims

BACKGROUND TO THE BOMBING OFFENSIVE

Eminent British war historian and strategist, Captain Sir Basil Liddell Hart declared that, through the RAF / USAF bombing offensive, victory had been achieved "through practising the most uncivilised means of warfare that the world had known since the Mongol invasions." - The Evolution of Warfare. Faber and Faber, 1946, p.75.

There was little new about England's use of using bombers to destroy enemy infrastructure, and to kill and demoralise the enemies of British interests. Premier Winston Churchill's enthusiasm for behind the lines destruction of civilian populations could be traced back to his comment: "The air opened paths along which death and terror could be carried far behind the lines of the actual enemy; to women, children, the aged, the sick, who in earlier struggles would perforce have been left untouched." Winston Churchill, The Great War. Vol. 3 P1602.

On the other hand, the German Reich view of aerial bombing, outside of legitimate battle zones and industrial targets, was that of revulsion. The German Chancellor was adamant

that Germany would never resort to a strategy of bombing outside that acceptable to international law. This may have been a Hitlerian failing on a par with his allowing 334,000 British troops to escape the beaches of Dunkirk. Another failing that was to cost the Reich the war.

Indeed, this German weakness was conceded by later official accounts of the British inspired bombing offensive: "Air Marshall Tedder made every effort to be a worthy pupil of his superior, Prime Minister Winston Churchill. The Marshall told high British officers that Germany had lost the war because she had not followed the principle of total warfare." This article was published in the New York Times, January 10 1946.

The German Chancellor was adamant: "The construction of bombing aeroplanes would soon be abandoned as superfluous and ineffective if bombing as such were branded as an illegal barbarity. If, through the Red Cross Convention, it definitely turned out possible to prevent the killing of a defenceless wounded man or prisoner, then it ought to be equally possible, by analogous convention, and finally to stop the bombing of equally defenceless civilian populations."

When the blitz is mentioned in mainstream media news articles or comment, one can be certain of each correspondent's cliché, "Well, they (the Germans) started it," and so "they reaped a wind they had sown."

No doubt responsible historians and students of real history know such comments to be a nonsense. Whilst there is understandable mainstream media reluctance to broadcast it, there has never been official denial that it was Britain and not the Reich that initiated strategies of indiscriminate carpet bombing of targets and zones outlawed under international law.

The J. M Spaight, CB. CBE report appeared in Bombing Vindicated, p.47. The Principal Secretary to the Air Ministry is forthright: "Hitler only undertook the bombing of British civilian targets reluctantly three months after the British Royal Air Force (RAF) had commenced bombing German civilian targets. Hitler would have been willing at any time to stop the slaughter. Hitler was genuinely anxious to reach with Britain an agreement confining the action of aircraft to battle zones." -

The first breach of international law was a British initiative. "This raid on the night of May 11 1940, although in itself trivial, was an epoch-marking event since it was the first deliberate breach of the fundamental rule of civilised warfare that hostilities must only be waged against the enemy combatant forces. Their flight marked the end of an epoch which had lasted for two and one-half centuries." - F. J. P Veale, Advance to Barbarism, p.172.

In The Strategic Air Offensive Against Germany, published by H.M Stationery Office, London, 1961: "The first 'area' air attack of the war was carried out by 134 British bombers on the German city of Mannheim on the 16 December 1940. The object of this attack, as Air Chief Marshall Peirse later explained, was, 'to concentrate the maximum amount of damage in the centre of the town,"

As early as 1953 H. M Stationery Office published the first volume of a work, The Royal Air Force, 1939 - 1945, The Fight at Odds. P.122. This account, described as 'officially commissioned and based throughout on official documents which had been read and approved by the Air Ministry Historical Branch. Its author, Dennis Richards, reveals that:

“If the Royal Air Force raided the Ruhr, destroying oil plants with its most accurately placed bombs and urban property with those that went astray, the outcry for retaliation against Britain might prove too strong for the German generals to resist. Indeed, Hitler himself would probably lead the clamour. The attack on the Ruhr was therefore an informal invitation to the Luftwaffe to bomb London.”

J. M. Spaight, CB. CBE. Principal Secretary to the Air Ministry: “We began to bomb objectives on the German mainland before the Germans began to bomb objectives on the British mainland. Because we were doubtful about the psychological effect of propagandist distortion of the truth that it was we who started the strategic bombing offensive, we have shrunk from giving our great decision of May 11 1940, the publicity it deserves.”

In the officially stamped The Royal Air Force 1939 - 1945. The Fight at Odds. H. M Stationery Office, its author, Dennis Richards is candid. “The primary purpose of these raids was to goad the Germans into undertaking reprisal raids of a similar character on Britain. Such raids would arouse intense indignation in Britain against Germany and so create a war psychosis without which it would be impossible to carry on a modern war.”

The highly regarded English jurist, author and historian F. J. P. Veale in his great work Advance to Barbarism: “The third and last phase of the British air offensive against Germany began in March 1942 with the adoption of the Lindemann Plan by the British War Cabinet, and continued with undiminished ferocity until the end of the war in May, 1945.

“The bombing during this period was not, as the Germans complained, indiscriminate. On the contrary, it was concentrated on working class houses because, as Professor Lindemann maintained, a higher percentage of bloodshed per ton of explosives dropped could be expected from bombing houses built close together, rather than by bombing higher class houses surrounded by gardens.”

“I am in full agreement (of terror bombing). I am all for the bombing of working class areas in German cities. I am a Cromwellian - I believe in ‘slaying in the name of the Lord!” - Sir. Archibald Sinclair, British RAF Secretary for Air.

“In the course of the film showing the bombing of German towns from the air, very well and dramatically done, Winston Churchill suddenly sat bolt upright and said to me: ‘Are we beasts? Are we taking this too far?” This account by Lord Casey was published in Personal Experiences (Constable. London 1962).

To their credit some but not all RAF airmen were set against terror bombing: “I have read the reviews of the biographies of Sir Arthur Harris with extremely mixed feelings and also Robert Kee’s letter. (8 July 1984). On 13 February 1945, I was a navigator on one of the Lancaster bombers that devastated Dresden. I well remember the briefing by our Group Captain. We were told that the Red Army was thrusting towards Dresden, that the town would be crowded with refugees, and that the centre of the town would be full of women and children. Our aiming point would be the market place.

I recall that we were somewhat uneasy, but we did as we were told. We accordingly bombed the target and on our way back our wireless operator picked up a German broadcast accusing the RAF of terror tactics, and that 65,000 civilians had died. We

dismissed this as German propaganda. The penny didn't drop until a few weeks later when my squadron received a visit from the Crown Film Unit who were making the wartime propaganda films. There was a mock briefing, with one notable difference. The same Group Captain now said, 'As the market place would be filled with women and children on no account would we bomb the centre of the town. Instead, our aiming point would be a vital railway junction to the east.

I can categorically confirm that the Dresden raid was a black mark on Britain's war record. The aircrews on my squadron were convinced that this wicked act was not instigated by our much-respected guvnor 'Butch' Harris but by Churchill. I have waited 29 years to say this, and it still worries me." This explanation penned by an A. Williams was published in The Observer, August 8 1984.

Nobody knows for certain how many people innocent civilians were bombed and incinerated during the Allied bombing raids. What is beyond dispute was that much of the gratuitous destruction of German cities, towns and the German people was of no military significance whatsoever. It has since been acknowledged that the Allied bombing campaigns did not shorten the war by as much as a minute, nor was it intended to.

The Allied incineration (holocaust) of Dresden is occasionally and grudgingly mentioned in mainstream media. However, the editorial comment is invariably splattered throughout with blood-lies. The numbers of civilians killed is very much downgraded. We have seen figures placed as low as 3,000 or even 25,000, which is ludicrous.

Here we have a great city with a pre-war population of 1 million living souls. These numbers, by February 1945, were at least doubled under the influx of refugees fleeing before the advancing Red Army. These were urged on in their murderous rapacity by Winston Churchill and of course, Soviet dictator, Joseph Stalin. Rarely if ever mentioned is the simultaneous levelling of hundreds of German and French cities and towns, the insane incineration of their populations. It is conservatively estimated that 5 million German people lost their lives as a direct consequence of the RAF and USAF strategic bombing campaign.

The blitz is generally thought to be a like-for-like strategy in which the numbers of victims were considered to be roughly similar. Nothing could be further from the truth. During World War Two more bombs by weight were dropped on Berlin than were released on the whole of Great Britain during the entirety war. All German towns and cities above 50,000 populations were from 50% to 80% destroyed. Typically, the ancient City of Cologne was turned into a moonscape. The only surviving building was the city's cathedral. It was saved not because of its spiritual symbolism but because the cathedral as a landmark guided and allowed RAF and U.S. Air Force bombers to blanket bomb the rest of this vast city.

In terms of scale: "Kassel suffered over three-hundred air raids, some carrying waves of 1,000 bombers; British by night, American by day. When on April, 4, 1945, Kassel surrendered, of a population of 250,000, just 15,000 were left alive." This was a report published by Jack Bell of the Chicago Daily News Foreign Service, Kassel, May 15 1946.

Mainstream media comment on the Allies bombing campaigns tends towards the clinical. One is reminded of the Joe Stalin observation: "One death is a tragedy. A million deaths

is a statistic." It might then be timely to discover what it is actually like to be a victim of Allied carpet bombing attacks.

Hamburg is one of the earlier mentioned incinerated German cities and towns: "Its horror is revealed in the howling and raging of the fire-storms, the hellish noise of exploding bombs and the death cries of martyred human beings as well as the big silence after the raids. Speech is impotent to portray the measure of the horror, which shook the people for ten days and nights and the traces of which were written indelibly on the face of the city and its inhabitants. No flight of imagination will ever succeed in measuring and describing the gruesome scenes of horror in the many buried air shelters. Posterity can only bow its head in honour of the fate of these innocents, sacrificed by the murderous lust of a sadistic enemy." This is part of the official account penned by the city's Police President of Hamburg.

A man who would know is universally regarded as the finest expert on the effects of strategic bombing during and since World War Two. Martin Caidin is a prolific Writer, Scientist and Aeronautical Specialist. "Not even Hiroshima and Nagasaki, suffering the smashing blows of nuclear explosions, could match the utter hell of Hamburg."

This noted American specialist goes on to report: "The Luftwaffe bombing of the English city of Coventry is often cited when justification for the bombing campaign is sought. It has since been disclosed that the bombing of the city was deliberately set up as 'a means to an end'. It might also be noted that Coventry lost 100 acres through bombing during the entire period of the war. In those terrible ten days of mid-1943, British bombers gutted more than six thousand acres of Hamburg. Three hundred times as many people died in the German city of Hamburg during the ten-day blitz as died in Coventry during the entire course of the war.

Life and death in the ancient Hanseatic city of Hamburg. "The fire and horror lasted ten full days. This is what makes Hamburg, and the loss of some seventy thousand men, women and children, stand out as the worst of the disasters visited upon civilization during the insanity of World War 2."

The author was depressingly candid as to what actually happened in this incinerated city: "Of the children these dreadful nights, what can be said? Their fright became horror and then panic when their tiny minds became capable of grasping the fact that their parents could no longer help them in their distress. They lost their reason and an overwhelming terror took over. Their world had become the shrieking centre of an erupting volcano from which there could be no physical escape. Nothing that hell offered could be feared more.

By the hand of man, they became creatures, human in form but not in mind. Strangled noises hissed from them as they staggered pitifully through the streets in which tar and asphalt ran as streams. Some of these tiny creatures ran several hundred feet. Others managed only twenty, maybe ten feet. Their shoes caught fire and then their feet. The lower parts of their legs became flickering sticks of flame. Here was Joan of Arcs, thousands of them. All who had perished unjustly on the fires of the Middle Ages were as nothing when compared with what was happening that night.

The sounds of many were unintelligible and undoubtedly, many more called for their

parents from whom they were parted by death or by accident. They grasped their tortured limbs, their tiny burning legs until they were no longer able to stand or run. And then they would crash to the ground where they would writhe in the bubbling tar until death released them from their physical misery."

The use of phosphorous bombs then and now is outlawed under international law. This is primarily because the use of phosphorous has no purpose than to strike terror in its means of causing death and injury. It is napalm-like chemical which when alight cannot be extinguished: Life Magazine, 19 June 1944: "The shower of molten burning particles that sprays up from a phosphorous shell burst sears its victims with agonised burns. Used against pill boxes, the flame not only burns occupants, but also suffocates them." - Life Magazine, 19 June 1944.

Martin Caidin goes on to report: "The exploding phosphorous bombs sprayed their contents indiscriminately and clothing caught fire and had to be torn free from the body quickly otherwise the wearer would suffer terrible nightmarish burns. When the liquid splattered on to people's hair, the victim was doomed. There was no chance to cut off the hair. The chemical globules, like a burning jelly, burned fiercely setting aflame the entire head and indeed, the head itself burned.

These terrified and pain-racked people were seen to leap about in frenzy, dashing their heads against the ground in blind panic, anything to douse the flames. One can extinguish an ordinary fire by smothering it with clothes but such methods are useless against phosphorous. It continued to burn and set afire any material that was thrown over it. Such people in these circumstances could only be left to their sad fate amidst the terrifying background glow of the streets in flames.

They writhed in the rubble-strewn roads with their bodies partially ablaze. Others were nearer to the River Alster and dozens of these shrieking demented souls, trailing tongues of flaming smoke and fire, dashed madly to the water to fling themselves into the lifesaving liquid. Men, women and children too, ran hysterically, falling and stumbling, getting up, tripping and falling again, rolling over and over. Most of them managed to regain their feet and made it to the water. But many of them never made it and were left behind, their feet drumming in blinding pain on the overheated pavements amidst the rubble, until there came one last convulsing shudder from the smoking 'thing' on the ground, and then no further movement.

"Those who made it to the water found the safety they had sought so desperately - but incredibly, some faced a choice that stuns the mind with horror. Water prevents phosphorous jelly from burning because it denies the chemical the one thing it needs to burn, oxygen. Those with the blazing chemical on their arms, legs and their bodies were able to douse the flames by submerging the burning areas. However, many had the blazing phosphorous jelly on their faces and heads.

Certainly, the spluttering chemicals went out as the victims ducked their heads beneath the water, but the moment they brought their heads up again to break the surface and take a breath of air, the phosphorous burst into flames again immediately. Therefore, the victims were faced with the choice. Death by drowning or death by burning; men, women and children. While others watched sick and despairingly, the victims of phosphorous on faces

and heads thrashed wildly in the brackish waters, screaming with pain and frustration. Spluttering and choking, they alternatively burned or drowned."

Of elsewhere across the devastated ruins of Europe's richest and most vibrant nations: "A cataclysmic blast of exploding, splintering steel rent the earth before us and it seemed like the world was coming to an end. The Americans were blasting out a path for a forward drive. Man and beast shuddered in their tracks. Whole towns were disintegrating. Life seemed to disappear from the scene. It was the most terrifying destructive force of warfare Germany has ever seen. And for an hour and a half more than 2,000 bombers and hundreds of guns pounded the German countryside, making the earth dance before this mighty man-made force… minefields went up as though touched by an electric switch. Near the end we were using 11-ton (bombs) which crews said caused their bombers to bounce up over 500 feet when the huge 25-foot missiles were released."

This was part of a report submitted by war correspondent Henry T. Gorrell (UP) Chicago Daily News, November 17 1944. The killing frenzy brought out the Satan in man: "I can tell you that Germany has been destroyed utterly and completely," boasted U.S. General Bradley to the Associated Press, London, June 11 1945. American General Dwight D. Eisenhower, later to be U.S. President, was exultant. "I just wouldn't know where to begin to rebuild Berlin." (Associated Press. London, June 11 1945).

"The capital of the Third Reich is a heap of gaunt, burned-out, flame-seared buildings. It is a desert of a hundred thousand dunes made up of brick and powdered masonry. Over this hangs the pungent stench of death. It is impossible to exaggerate in describing the destruction. Down town Berlin look as like nothing man could have contrived. Driving down the famous Frankfurt Alee, I did not see a single building where you could have set up as business of even selling apples." This report was published by war correspondent Eddie Gilmore in the Associated Press, Berlin, June 9 1945.

"Towards the end of his life the Prof.' (Lindemann) made a remark on more than one occasion with such an air of seriousness that he seemed to regard it as his testament of wisdom, and I accordingly feel it incumbent upon me to record it here, although not in perfect sympathy with it. "Do you know,' he asked, 'what the future historians will regard as the most important event of this age?"

"Well, what is it?."

"It will not be Hitler and the Second World War, it will not be the release of nuclear energy, and it will not be the menace of Communism." These negatives seemed very comprehensive. He put on an expression of extreme severity and turned down the corners of his lips. "It will be the abdication of the White man." Then he nodded his head up and down several times to drive home his proposition." The Prof, R. F Harrod, McMillan, 1959, p 261.

THE HIGH PRICE PAID BY ENGLAND

The English bombing strategy cost the British a high price too. It cost the lives of 58,888 RAF air crew. This number of slain equates to the same number of British junior officers

during the First World War. In final analysis a comment that will never be published in mainstream media: “In terms of personal success, there has been no career more fortunate than that of Winston Churchill. In terms of human suffering to millions of people and destruction of the noble edifice of mankind there has been no career more disastrous.” - The European and English Journal.

FRANCE

THE LAST DEFENDERS

OF THE BERLIN CHANCELLERY

33. Waffen-Grenadier-Division der SS Charlemagne

The 33. Waffen-Grenadier-Division der SS Charlemagne (französische Nr. 1) and the Charlemagne Regiment are collective names used for units of French volunteers in the Wehrmacht and later Waffen-SS during World War II. From 7,340 at its peak in 1944 the strength of the Division fell to just sixty men by May 1945. The Charlemagne Division was formed in 1944, combining troops serving in other French units of the German armed forces, as well as from the paramilitary Franc-Garde of the Milice.

It is impossible to set individual examples of extreme valour displayed by the foreign volunteers of the Waffen-SS. Honour has to be therefore collective. In order to show as examples, for the purpose of Heroes of the Reich, one is obliged to be selective. It is for the reader to presume that bravery against all odds success displayed by the French volunteers, who fought against the Soviet Union, was equalled across the various fronts by those of other nationals defending Europe.

Throughout the conflict these men fought with such tenacity that their defeated foes

saluted them. Had they not been on the losing side of this apocalyptic Brothers War then their exploits would have been published through numerous media. It is not yet fashionable to give credit to the defeated foe no matter how deserving.

An excellent example of their gladiatorial prowess was these Divisions defence of the lines stretched along the Eastern Front when confronted by the might of the better supplied Red Army. Their collective title was the LVF (Légion des Volontaires Français contre le Bolchévisme).

In June 1944, shortly before their transport arrived to take them home to recover after months of fighting, the regiment was called back into action. The Army Group Centre's front was now collapsing under the Red Army's summer offensive. On 25 June, at the Bobr River, elements of the LVF, under Major Bridoux, fought for 48-hours against a Soviet assault. Attached to the 4th SS-Police Division and supported by Stukas and five Tiger tanks, they stopped several attacks in what is generally regarded as the LVF's most successful settling of scores. As many as fifty Soviet tanks were smashed whilst confronting the French fighting forces. Testimony to the ability of the LVF came from a Soviet communiqué which spoke of their forces being stopped by the sacrifice of just two French divisions.

Within a month, a new recruiting drive in German occupied France attracted 3,000 applicants. Most were members of collaborating militias and university students. The 1st battalion of about 1,000 men was attached to SS Division Horst Wessel and deftly moved to Galicia to stop the Soviet advance. Throughout this uneven conflict the French volunteers suffered calamitous casualties.

A point of interest is that their fighting proficiency was such that they were empowered to influence the German High Command at its top levels. In early 1945, Oberführer Puaud received assurance from Reichsführer-SS Heinrich Himmler that his men would not be sent to the western front, where they might be called upon to fight fellow Frenchmen. He was also informed that they would fight under the French flag and continue to have Catholic military chaplains. Reichsführer-SS Heinrich Himmler faithfully promised that France would regain its sovereignty after Germany's victory.

Another great irony is that therefore these French volunteers were fighting for French independence. They were doing so whilst renegade Charles de Gaulle was skulking at Churchill's feet in London, preparing to sell France to Wall Street interests. There he was providing theatrical backdrop of spurious legitimacy to the impending occupation of his country by the Allied armies of Britain and France.

SS-Brigadeführer Gustav Krukenberg

In February 1945, the unit was officially upgraded to a division and renamed 33-Waffen-Grenadier-Division der SS Charlemagne. This division was very much under strength with only 7,340 men. The Division then was ordered to fight the Red Army in Poland. On February 25 1945 it was attacked whilst repositioning from the railhead at Hammerstein (Czarne) in Pomerania by troops of the Soviet 1st Belorussian Front. The

French troops were heavily outnumbered by forces that were far better equipped. Opposing the undermanned lightly armed single division of French troops were four Red Army infantry divisions and two tank brigades. The French division had neither maps nor radios. Resourceful to a man they used what they could and most of the Red Army tanks were destroyed by Panzerfausts in the hands of the Frenchmen.

On the night of March 3, 1945 the Division's survivors were ordered to defend Körlin. Their orders made it clear that the town was to be defended at whatever cost. At noon the next day a powerful Red Army force struck Körlin from the south west. Fighting back ferociously the French troops were able to hold their positions throughout the day. Only then was the Division ordered to withdraw to the West, this to avoid their becoming circled and trapped.

The survivors were then divided into three battle groups, only one of which was to survive the ensuing carnage. This was the battle group under the command of SS-Brigadeführer Gustav Krukenberg.

As the depleted ranks fell back under the onslaught the survivors eventually reached the lands bordering the Baltic Sea from where they were evacuated. Forwarded to Denmark they were later ordered to Neustrelitz for refitting. During the defence of the Eastern Front and through the heroic retreat to the West, the Division lost nearly all of its troops, about 4,800, men in all.

By early April 1945, with the course of the war to run just a further 4 weeks, SS-Brigadeführer Gustav Krukenberg was down to only 700 men. These few were organised into a single infantry regiment with two battalions (Battalions 57 and 58). There was one 'heavy support' battalion, without equipment. Of these about 400 men were used to serve in the construction battalion. The remaining troops, numbering approximately 300, volunteered to defend Berlin. There they would conduct a delaying action against the approaching Soviet Red Army.

On April 23 1945 the Reich Chancellery in Berlin ordered SS-Brigadeführer Gustav Krukenberg to proceed to the capital. In the meantime, they had been reorganised as Sturmbataillon (assault battalion) Charlemagne. Between 320 and 330 French troops arrived in Berlin on April 24 1945. This was just on week before the German Chancellor was to forfeit his life and that of his wife Frau Eva Hitler. His taking his own life was to deny the Red Army their presumed blood fest. Hitler said, probably correctly, that Winston Churchill's Soviet ally would no doubt place him and Eva naked in a cage to be paraded through Moscow to add to Germany's humiliation.

After a lengthy detour to avoid the Soviet advance columns Sturmbataillon Charlemagne was attached to the 11th S.S Volunteer Panzergrenadier Division Nordland. Such was the men's fighting spirit and smartly turned out charisma the beleaguered German population of Berlin thought the troops were an advance guard of further great French Divisions sent to defend their city against the Red barbarians. Sadly the desperate people of the doomed city were wrong on two counts. The Charlemagne Division, such as it was, was all that remained. English Premier Winston Churchill and U.S. President Franklin D. Roosevelt had already agreed to allow the Red Army loose on the ruined German capital.

On arrival in Berlin the French SS troops strengthened the ranks of Scandinavian

Nordland Division. Their Norge and Danmark Panzergrenadier Regiments had also been decimated in the fighting. Together these defensive forces made up the strength of a battalion. Brigadeführer Krukenberg was appointed commander of (Berlin) Defence Sector C on April 25. This command included the Nordland Division.

It is said the troops noted that their first night in Berlin was unnaturally quiet. They heard people dancing and laughing but there were no sounds of fighting audible. They walked from West to East Berlin and then on to a brewery near the Hermannplatz. It was here that the fighting took hold. There they joined youthful members of the Hitler Youth courageously aiming and firing their Panzerfausts at Soviet tanks approaching Berlin's Tempelhof Aerodrome. Soon, some members of the Sturmbataillon joined the Hitler Youth in Red Army tank hunting sorties.

Supported by Tiger II tanks and the 11th SS Panzer-Regiment Hermann von Salza, the Sturmbataillon took part in a counter attack on the morning of April 26 in Neukölln. This is a district in south-eastern Berlin near the Sonnen Allee.

The counter-attack then ran into an ambush by Soviet troops who were using a captured German Panther tank. The regiment lost half of the available troops in Neukölln on that first day defending Berlin. The troops were later to mount an incredible last stand at Neukölln's Town Hall. Given that Neukölln was heavily penetrated by Soviet combat groups, Brigadeführer Gustav Krukenberg gathered his men to fall back from their holding positions. The Brigadeführer moved his headquarters into the opera house. As the Nordland Division fell back towards Hermannplatz the French SS and about 100 Hitler Jugend youngsters attached to their group destroyed 14 Soviet tanks with their hand-held panzerfausts. One of the defenders machine gun positions situated by the Halensee bridge managed to hold up Soviet advances for 48 hours.

The steady Soviet advance into Berlin followed a pattern of massive and sustained shelling. Each of these assaults was followed by attacks using battle groups of about 80 men each. These were supported by tank escorts and close artillery support. On April 27 1945, after a spirited but futile defence, the remnants of Scandinavia's Nordland were pushed back into the centre government district (Zitadelle sector) in Defence sector Z. There the embattled and war-weary infantrymen discovered that Brigadeführer Krukenberg's Nordland headquarters was now a railway carriage in the Stadtmitte U-Bahn station. Fighting was extremely heavy and by April 28 1945, it is believed that 108 Soviet tanks had been destroyed in the south-east of Berlin within the perimeter of the S-Bahn.

This would mean fewer Red Army troops, many conscripted from the haunting steppe and tundra of Russia's Far East, equipped and decked out in British made uniforms and boots, being given free rein to rape at will Berlin's defenceless women and children. Such women and children were the war prizes promised to them.

Sixty-two of these tanks were destroyed by the efforts of the Charlemagne Sturmbataillon alone. These troops were now under the command of Frenchman Henri Joseph Fenet. His battalion was given the area of Neukölln, Belle Alliance Platz, Wilhelmstrasse and the Friedrichstrasse to defend.

Commander Henri Joseph Fenet was now badly wounded in the foot. The officer remained with his battalion as they then withdrew to the vicinity of the Reich Aviation Ministry in

the centre government district. This was under the command of SS-Brigadeführer Mohnke. For the success of the battalion during the Battle in Berlin Henri Josep Fenet was awarded the Knight's Cross of the Iron Cross on April 29 1945 by Brigadeführer Mohnke.

A day earlier the Soviet Red Army began a full-scale offensive into the city centre sector. Fighting was intense and the Sturmbataillon Charlemagne was then caught up in the centre of the battle zone around the Reich Chancellery. Unterscharführer Eugene Vaulot, who had destroyed two tanks in Neukölln, used his Panzerfausts to claim six more Soviet tanks near the Führerbunker. He was awarded the Knight's Cross of the Iron Cross by Brigadeführer Krukenberg during a candlelight ceremony on a subway platform on April 29 but failed to survive the intensity of the fighting.

THE LAST DEFENDER'S OF THE FUHRER BUNKER

The French Charlemagne SS Division were the last defenders of Hitler's Führerbunker. At heavy cost they held their positions at the bunker throughout May 1 1945 to prevent the Soviets from capturing it on May Day, thus denying the Soviets a symbolism that would have endured.

Reduced to approximately thirty able men, most members of the Sturmbataillon had been captured or escaped Berlin on their own or in groups. Most of the survivors who made it home to France were denounced and sent to Allied prisons and camps.

Hauptsturmführer Henri Joseph Fenet, one of the last recipients of the Knight's Cross, was sentenced to 20 years forced labour. He was released from prison in 1959. This is how the French treat those who, with the Reich, gave their all to defend Europe and regain the independence of their nation.

Other heroes of the 33. Waffen-Grenadier-Division der SS Charlemagne (französische Nr. 1) and the Charlemagne Regiment were summarily shot without trial upon capture by the French authorities.

General Leclerc was presented with a defiant group of eleven or twelve captured Charlemagne Division men. The Free French General immediately and pompously asked them why they wore a German uniform. One of the captured men gave a spirited response.

"Why was the French General wearing an American uniform." (The Free French 'Army' wore modified US army uniforms). This group of French Waffen-SS men was later executed without any form of military or civilian court or tribunal procedure.

The best of France had now joined their comrades in Valhalla leaving to France only the stench raised by defeat during several conflicts and invasions of France.

THE LAST GERMAN PRISONER-OF-WAR?

Reinhard Kunze. Hitler Jugend takes on the Red Army

In August 2014 the Russian prison authorities finally set free an 84-year old prisoner-of-war. Reinhard Kunze was only 14-years old when he was captured by Soviet troops during the Battle for Berlin in January 1945. He was held in various Soviet and Russian slave labour camps. Russian Foreign Minister Sergei Lavrov said that his release meant 'an act of goodwill' and meant Russia 'putting aside its national pride.' He went on to say that Russia was showing its 'generosity and goodwill'. A member of the Hitler Youth, Reinhard Kunze was recruited into into the 12th Panzer Division as a 12-year old.

GERMANY

GERMAN HEROISM

UNDER BRITISH OCCUPATION

Courage comes in all shapes and forms. It is the selfless sacrifice for others and the stoicism vital to get you and your family through the most trying times. The most trying

times imaginable were forced upon defeated Germany by the vainglorious strutting Allies. Today we think of austerity in terms of job insecurity, being careful when calling in at the supermarket: Perhaps deciding to abandon one's holiday plans. Germany's situation was far different. In a period of just six years the German nation had changed from perhaps the richest nation on earth, certainly the happiest. to indisputably the most distressed state. Trying times for the German family was when a decision has to be made to prostitute oneself to occupying troops or starve.

It is the courage needed when you hear that a child, on his thirteenth birthday, is hanged by the occupiers. The boy was found to be displaying a picture of his country's elected leader, the German Chancellor, on his bedroom wall. Did it take similar courage on the part of the British hangman who carried out this and similar dreadful acts?

This and worse occurred in British occupied Germany during the years following the war's end. If the hanging of a thirteen-year old boy fails to take the breath away what of the chutzpah of those today who each year celebrate 'liberation' of Hitler's Germany.

In the years following World War Two there is little likelihood of our easily accessing images or newsreels depicting the radiant national joy of Germany's people before they were 'liberated.' It is best left to the imagination as to their country's prosperity and their never since equalled living standards. Nor are we likely to see clips or newsreels of the German peoples unrestrained exultation whenever their country's elected leadership appeared in view.

The following description of life in British occupied Germany is a review of a book about to be then published. The two page feature, Under the British Jackboot, was published in the Daily Mail (London), August 25 2001.

LIFE IN BRITISH OCCUPIED GERMANY

'Theft carries the death penalty, so does possession of any kind of firearm, including air rifles, which then could be found in the bedrooms of most schoolboys. Firing squads are expensive, hanging the convicted wastes time, permission is asked for the use of a guillotine, which can carry out six single executions in 14 minutes.

Throughout the occupied zone internment camps have spread like a rash. 40,000 civilian and prisoners of war, men and women alike between the age of 16 and 70 have been swept up and interned in these camps, the horror of which equals anything in the Soviet Union. In these camps one will find anyone considered to have 'ridiculed, damaged or destroyed' British culture or criticised any aspect of the occupier's regulations or their methods.

It is not necessary to have committed an offence to be interned. All those interned are held without charge being brought or any likelihood of a trial. A mother of four children has been arrested and interned. Her offence was to hide in a roadside ditch in a vain attempt to snatch a word with her husband working as an unpaid slave on a working party.

Conditions in the camps defy belief. They are brutally administered and in truth, leaving allied propaganda aside, the British internment camps were far worse than the German

prison camps that were managed when there was a war in progress.

The civilians slept in their clothes for weeks, months at a time. One cannot call their sleeping arrangement beds. These were ‘constructed from old pieces of wood.’ They slept in groups of five. There was so little food that most if not all suffered from a malnutrition one today sees only in the famine stricken Horn of Africa.

These unfortunate inmates are allowed one 30 minutes visit every three months. Many of these German civilian and ex-servicemen are kept in unlit cellars, indistinguishable from dungeons, to prepare them for interrogation. According to a courageous German bishop, who dared to voice his outrage, these wretched prisoners ‘are terribly beaten, kicked, and so mishandled that traces can be seen of their wounds weeks afterwards.’

The account goes on to accurately report: ‘The notorious Third Degree methods of using searchlights on victims and exposing them to high temperatures are also applied.’ What fortitude, what heroism these desolate inmates must have suffered.

Besides these appalling interrogation centres, where students as young as sixteen were routinely abused and tortured, there were what was known as Direct Interrogation Centres (DIC). Here is a typical day’s work for the monsters who manned them. Note the date is nearly two years after the war was declared over.

‘One day in February 1947, two of the inmates of No 74 DIC (Bad Nenndorf) were dumped at an Internee Hospital. One patient was skeletal, suffering from frostbite, unable to speak, the other was unconscious, with no discernible pulse – cold, skeletal and covered in ‘thick cakes of dirt, frostbite to arms and legs.’ No escape, both prisoners died within hours. There will be no movies like The Great Escape for such unfortunates. There will be no movie made called the The Bridge on the River Rheine.

A third, who had been arrested on suspicion of drug trafficking, committed suicide while undergoing interrogation. It does not explain how one commits suicide whilst under interrogation. This rather suggests a similar situation to prisoners of the Black and Tans and British Army in Ireland who, having been shot when running away, where found to have bullet wounds in their chest and abdomen.

There was an investigation of sorts. This investigation uncovered conditions and methods of deprivation, torture and abuse of such extremes the mind reels. Inmates were treated for their injuries without anaesthetic. What heroes to be called upon to endure such misery more in keeping with the darkest dungeons of the nightmarish Middle Ages.

One prisoner, after eight days of solitary confinement, was put in an unheated punishment cell in mid-winter. Buckets of freezing water were thrown into the cell, which the prisoner was forced to mop up with a rag. His jacket and boots were removed, and he was forced to stand with bleeding feet for about ten hours in extreme cold on a bare concrete floor. Finally, he was forced to crawl on hands and knees to be interrogated. There is no record of this unfortunate man’s end. The Camp Commandant, Medical Officer and three interrogators, whose names are not revealed, were suspended and charged. The charges were later dropped or reduced to negligence.

Britain had inherited that which had reduced to rubble. Hamburg, second only to Berlin in size, by May 1945, was a bomb cratered scene of devastation for as far as the eye could

see. This was the calling card of the Royal Air Force. No structure was left complete. The fire-storm that was visited upon the unfortunate city and its inhabitants occurred between July 24 and 29, 1943. The incineration of this great city had created terror and destruction far more destructive than that visited upon Nagasaki and Hiroshima. 750,000 civilians had been made homeless. There was never any serious attempt at what the Allies described as strategic bombing. The destruction of Hamburg, and similar horrors visited upon several hundreds of other French and German cities and towns, had one purpose in mind. The intention was to completely destroy this fine Hanseatic city, to drive the survivors to the extremes of terror.

During the incineration of Hamburg an estimated 150,000 people lost their lives. The truth is, no one will ever know the true numbers of those who died deaths unbearable to think about. Given the scale of the destruction this figure was likely to be very much an underestimate again. Those who write the casualty records are the victors. When the victorious occupying forces entered the city in their military armoured personnel carriers, trucks and tanks, bought on credit, they discovered what was described as ‘a land of cave dwellers.’

Tens of thousands of civilians, many of them refugees, were living in rat-infested underground air raid shelters and complexes. It seemed the entire city’s population and its refugees lived in holes and cellars wherever they could find them. Where else, very little was left standing. If a house or building had miraculously escaped the RAF and USAF carnage it was commandeered by the Occupying Forces personnel and their camp followers.

Braver souls risked life and limb by using makeshift ladders to live in the upper stories of the few remaining half destroyed homes and buildings. Very often these buildings had no fronts and open to the elements these dwelling resembled dolls houses. Very little water was available. Many thousands of desperate people who, before the war enjoyed a lifestyle and standard of living far superior to that of the Allied tormentors now queued at street standpipes for their rationed water.

Such were the appalling conditions that it would be reasonably to expect compassion and assistance from the British servicemen as they flooded into the ruined city. On the contrary, unlike Germany, Britain had not benefited from a general election since 1935. There was an election shortly after Victory in Europe day in July 1945. This was mocked as the khaki election for obvious reason.

In defeated and prostrate Germany, by order of the London governments, Conservative and the Labour Party, Commander-in-Chief of the British Zone, Field Marshall Montgomery, was ordered to enforce an inflexible policy of ‘non-fraternisation’ on the defeated German people.

The instructions given were clear: “You must keep clear of Germans – man, woman and child unless you meet them in the course of your duty. You must not walk with them, or shake their hands or visit their homes.”

Servicemen were told that smiling at Germans, even children, would not be tolerated. There would be no playing with children. If soldiers being soldiers occasionally allowed German children to clamber on their military vehicles they were to be placed on a charge.

There was a method in this seeming madness. What the British government and high commend feared most was that friendliness would open up opportunity for servicemen to learn at first hand what life in Germany had been like before and during the war. The Occupying Forces had been told very little of the period. It was thought to be demoralising if occupying troops, through conversation, friendships, access to German media and where possible, lifestyle, revealed the nation's earlier happiness, well-being and its prosperity.

It had been much the same for the Russian Red Army. They had been told of a Germany far removed from the truth. For many of their Asiatic, and Russian troops, it was the first time they had seen modern wonders. Most had not seen a light bulb or used a conventional toilet, let alone indoor toilets. Most of the British servicemen's toilets would have been in dingy backyards of terraced Victorian hovels.

American policy in the U.S. zone of occupation, perhaps because of the relative prosperity of the United Stares, took the opposite view. The occupying Americans encouraged fraternisation in order that the defeated Germans could learn of the 'superior' American system.

Montgomery worked on changing the London government attitudes for three months. It was to be a further three months before the non-fraternisation order was watered down. What has been described as strict apartheid was still in place. As in apartheid South Africa and India, the British and German populations in occupied Germany were obliged to travel in separate railway carriages. The two communities were forbidden to worship at the same churches, those few that were left standing. Nor were they allowed to attend the same cinema or concerts, theatres or social events. It was punishable to listen to music together with German people. British officers' wives would be warned in advance if Germans were present at dances.

The dire situation in distressed Germany demanded the utmost collaboration and partnership if order was to be restored. As Christopher Hudson, something of a palace journalist put it, ''It (non-fraternisation) was unnatural, more than that it put a break on every aspect of administering Germany.."

The most outrageous chutzpah in history was when, in May 1947, the British government that had caused the deaths, misery and slavery on a scale equalled only by Josef Stalin, made the following proclamation: "We should behave towards the Germans as the people of one Christian and civilised race towards another whose interests in many way converge with our own and for whom we no longer have any ill-will."

By 1945, Winston Churchill's ally, the Soviet Union, having occupied the largest part of vanquished Europe, had taken the highest number of slaves, was catching its breath. The scourge of Bolshevism, which Adolph Hitler had warned and fought against, was now rearing on its hind legs once more. On getting out the maps it seems the British government, now stripped of its Empire that had been sold off to the United States to pay for its war, belatedly realised that the only country standing between their country and the 'hyena like appetite' of the Soviet Union was Germany.

The new attempt to win German hearts and minds was to be a long haul. The problem was that it had been constantly drummed into British servicemen heads that the Germans

were subhuman and were to be treated like pariahs.

Britain's new Prime Minister, 'socialist' Clement Attlee, whose love affair with Stalin's Communism was equal to Winston Churchill's, also hated anything German.

British Post-War Prime Minister, Clement Attlee

He aimed for the utter humiliation of defeated German

Such was PM Clement Attlee's arrogance he was known to boast that he had a German maid. One supposes it gave him similar pseudo-sexual sentiment to the plantation owners who took on African slaves to do the housework.

Premier Clement Attlee's Foreign Secretary attitude towards the German people was repellent: "I try to be fair to them (the Germans) but I hates them really."

Neither Attlee nor Churchill ever had the courage to visit the British Occupied Zone (BOZ). Perhaps they had no wish to be confronted by the visible consequences of their liberation. Both the British and the Germans had their gallows humour. Of their foes the British loftily declared: 'All Germans are intelligent, honourable and pro-Hitler, but never more than two of these three.'

The Germans for their part responded with the joke about the 1,000 year Reich: '12 Years of National Socialism, 988 years of de-nazification.'

The British mainstream media then as now was hostile to all things German. Newspaper correspondents based in the British Occupied Zone were under unspoken instruction 'never to send back reports that were complimentary to the Germans. This policy was not changed until Queen Elizabeth 11 in 1965, twenty-years after the war's end, visited recovering Germany. This is clearly nonsense even today nearly seventy years after the European tragedy. This mainstream policy of not printing any news or comment positive about the Reich continues to this day. Newspaper readers are today constantly reminding mainstream media editors that the war is now over. Such pleadings fall on deaf ears.

The scale of British failure to deal with the post war occupation, their imposed regional government and administration in Germany, is now recognised as hapless to the extreme. This monumental failing was despite many German offers of assistance. These invitations were airily dismissed with dire consequences for both the faltering British and German economies.

In Washington DC, U.S. President Franklin D. Roosevelt had instructed that no former members of the National Socialist German Workers Party (NSDAP) were to be employed in positions of authority.

Such a policy was half-witted to the extreme. How can any society be effectively managed by excluding those most experienced at government administration, government and its civil service? Before and during the Second World War it had been virtually a condition of the most important jobs that there be membership of the National Socialist German Workers Party in place.

Patronisingly, visitors to vanquished Germany were handed a booklet. This was arrogantly entitled, 'The German Character.' The more thoughtful might have raised an eyebrow at the booklets editorial: It was explained how the Germans 'stress fanatical will-power, work and sacrifice'. It went on to describe the German disposition for sadism, fatalism and sentimentality.' In its summing up it loftily declared: 'trying to be kind or conciliatory will be regarded by Germans as a weakness.' As the British armed forces hardly had a reputation for being either kind or conciliatory to anyone in the multiple territories they occupied over 400 years empire building it was difficult to understand how they would know.

The biggest failing of all was the sheer ineptitude of those British personnel who were recruited to serve the Central Administration of the British Zone. This was known as the Control Commission Germany (CCG). The review concludes: 'They included demobbed servicemen with nowhere else to go, officers who couldn't find a job on Civvy Street, and in the words of a Foreign Office memo, 'retired drain inspectors, unsuccessful businessmen and idle ex-policemen.' It went on to add: 'Very few of them could speak German. Encouraged to believe that non-Nazis were as dangerous as Nazis, these British occupying personnel kept all Germans at arm's length as though they were diseased.

'No one could apply for public employment who had not been 'de-nazified'. This meant their having to complete forms demanding information of their record of employment and income; their memberships of every party, group, club, union or institute since Hitler came to power.'

From there it went to the 'You Couldn't Make it Up' department. More than one million

of these ridiculous forms were printed and handed out. Checking them was described as beyond parody. Those charged with interpreting them knew little or nothing of the German language. These hapless personnel were totally clueless as to the German way of life before the occupation. They had of course no idea of the German organisations they were vetting, whether they were political or not. It was unlikely they had ever heard of the institutes and parties listed by applicants. Anyone who failed to resist the German government and authority risked the British imposed death penalty. However, to guillotine all Germans who had not resisted their government was then thought to be impractical. In the free elections, held on March 29 1936, 99 percent of the German electorate had enthusiastically placed their votes in favour of the Chancellor's National Socialist Party. Eventually, even the Central Administration of the British Zone accepted that you cannot put 99/100 people to the guillotine.

Those German job applicants (there was no social security) who were thought to be economical with the truth when asked if they had resisted their democratically elected government were liable to a sentence of internment or dismissal. Those Germans best able to get Germany moving again were denied opportunity to do so. The great English writer, D. H. Lawrence was once asked what his thoughts were on the English. He replied, "One great laughing oaf.." Seeing how the Central Administration of the British Zone operated in Occupied Germany there would be few to disagree.

Someone in the Central Administration of the British Zone then had the bright idea of limiting the de-nazifying process to the head typist. Her subordinates could then be used, for the present, without their being grilled, re-educated and forced to watch endless spools of allied propaganda.

It was nearly three years after the war's end, October 1947, before the authorities had an even brighter inspiration. It was then decided to hand local government to the German lander (civil administration) to sort out the appalling mess. Democracy was it seems dragging its feet and was a long way behind the tanks. During a similar 30 month period, from 1933, the new German Chancellor, without any help from the British or the Control Commission, had turned a deeply impoverished nation into the richest country on earth.

There was plenty for the newly accredited German authorities to do. Much of this went against the British grain. The price of bringing the less accountable British version of democracy to the German nation was not bargain basement. Germany had already been stripped of its assets. This plunder, now called 'reparations', was fought over like dogs at a bone. Occupied Germany was pillaged and the spoils had already been distributed between Britain, the United States, France and the Soviet Union.

'It was a condition of the Peace Treaty, that the defeated foe was denied access to, that swathes of German industrial plant such as was left after much of it was shipped abroad, was either dismantled or destroyed with explosives.'

Such was the Central Administration of the British Zone interference in all matters. German folk songs were scrutinised for a lyric that might suggest patriotism. Perhaps Beethoven's Spring Symphony or his Pastoral Symphony was blue-pencilled too?

Eighteen months after the war's end the Central Administration of the British Zone required 24,785 personnel to ineptly manage what the Americans were managing far more

effectively with just 5,008 personnel.

Occupied Germany, for the second time in less than fifty years, was brought to the utmost miseries. The first tragedy had occurred when the British naval blockade following the Great War resulted in the starvation of 800,000 German civilians. For years following the end of World War Two average German food availability was just 1,500 calories a day. This is just enough to keep the human body alive but those who suffer such a low diet are persistently listless and prone to disease. Of course the Central Administration of the British Zone personnel were becoming more chubby by the day. This was despite the British people at home still trying to get by on food and clothing ration books.

In prostrate Germany the only thing of value was cigarettes, which were available only on the black-market. 'Even German girls from good families found they had nothing to offer in return for food than their bodies. It was either that or join the 'rubble ladies' who cleared the roads and rubble, pulling decomposing bodies and body parts from crushed buildings.'

Most of Germany's manhood had either been killed or captured during active service. Millions of German men and boys were still being held in concentration and internment camps throughout the victorious nations. In US General Dwight D. Eisenhower's death camps situated in the Rhine Valley an estimated 750,000 surrendered German servicemen were systematically being starved to death.

Five million German people, mostly but not exclusively male, had by then been shipped by rail to the Soviet Union. Once they were scattered throughout the notorious slave camp system they were to be used as slaves in Stalin's Gulag Archipelago.

Allied prisoner-of-war 'camps'

No shelters or food provided

This meant that in defeated Germany there were three women for every man. In the capital it is estimated that 500,000 German women were forced to prostitute themselves to the occupying forces in order to feed their families. 'In the British Zone, where one cigarette was worth 5 Deutsch Marks, British troops received an allowance of 50 free cigarettes each week, plus chocolate and soap. 80 percent of German women suffered from venereal disease. Whoever the humorist was who had scrawled on the walls of a bombed house, 'enjoy the war, the peace will be terrible,' had remarkable foresight.

To add insult to this most terrible injury, because German women were considered by the British to be immoral, British servicemen were not only relieved of their excess sperm, they were relieved of any responsibility for their being obliged to take responsibility for

child maintenance if offspring resulted from these liaisons. In effect it was a London government, a Socialist government's invitation to rape the women and girls of Germany. This was perfectly in line with the policy of the Soviet Red Army.

Surely if a medal is to be struck for heroism in the face of devilish depravity then the German people, especially the women and girls who survived the war and its occupation should be granted such a medal. God forbid that any other nation on earth should be reduced to such wanton suffering by an army of occupation.

Excerpts taken from 'A Strange Enemy People: Germans under British Rule 1945 – 1950'. Patricia Meehan. Peter Owens Publishers. Patricia Meehan is a historian and former BBC TV producer and documentary maker who worked in Germany in 1945.

BRITAIN / GERMANY

DOCTOR DEATH

HANGS GERMAN HEROES

The postwar behaviour of the Allied Armies was in total contrast to the generosity and magnanimity shown by the German political and military High Command to Germany's defeated foes. Despite international criticism, including objections from commanding officers of many countries armed forces, the decision to put to trial captured German officers and men proceeded. Had the hastily made up charges been made against the Allies in the event the outcome had been different, hundreds if not thousands of Allied political leaders and service personnel would have been executed.

Those condemned to death at the internationally campaigned Nuremberg 'Trials' and 'Military Tribunals' retained their courage throughout their ordeals.

The Nuremberg and Military Tribunals * were not legitimate judicial processes or procedures. International standards of civilised judicial process were avoided. The

Nuremberg show trials, for they had many similarities with the notorious Stalinist show trial's held during the 1930s, were staged exclusively by the victors on their terms. These terms were often made 'on the hoof' so to speak. The prisoners' fates had been already decided upon before they even entered these dreadful 'courts.' Their purpose was merely to give a fig leaf of spurious morality and justification to what were in effect the murder of prisoners-of-war. The mainstream media then and now went along with the ruse.

On October 16 1946 the American News Service announced at 2.45am that eleven members of the former government of Germany had been executed. The executions or rather judicial murders began at 1am and drew to a close at 2.15am. The bodies of the hanged men were then laid out for witnesses to ogle, gloat over and take photographs. There would have been twelve corpses had Reichsmarschall Herman Goering, a World War One icon, not foiled his captors by taking his own life when in his cell. His suicide, according to his captors, was 'a heinous act'. The Reichsmarschall's doing deprived his captors the opportunity to murder him and to gloat over his tortured body.

Nearly 70 years on the details of the burial methods and places of internment of these eleven vanquished leaders have still not been revealed, nor are they likely to. This was on account of the very real Allied fear that pilgrims would visit the shrines of these martyrs of Germany. The same applied throughout Europe wherever and whenever leading Axis figures were hanged, shot, guillotined or otherwise murdered. Nor have the families of the victims of Allied 'justice' been informed of the location of their loved ones final resting places. It is doubtful if any conflict in history has so dishonoured the morality of the human race.

In the run up to the hangings of the martyrs a commentary of sickeningly bad taste was relayed by the prison governor. This was done for the delectation of the vampires lusting with almost sexual passion for the agonies of their former enemies. Here in Germany London's hangman's gallows of 17th Century England Tyburn, dungeons and torture chambers, were recreated.

Herman Goering, the incredibly flying ace of World War One, with his eleven colleagues, had spent their last day on earth. The captives, whose treatment whilst in custody was constantly humiliating, spent most of the time reading, writing, and talking with the two chaplains. Most of the prisoners appeared resigned to their fate. Reichsmarschall Herman Goering spoke both of his faith and his lack of fear.

As a World War One flying ace of the far-famed Richthofen Squadron he had fearless faced death many times. The difference then was the foes had been honourable. This was no longer the case. Two of the German political leaders complained about the over zealous security applications. These required the prisoners to sleep with their hands outside their blanket. Each of the condemned men was awakened if, during their sleep, they turned away from the ceaselessly shining lights radiating from interrogation lamps.

Interestingly but not unique, Edda Goering, Reichsmarschall Herman Goering's daughter never once criticised her father. The wartime leader's daughter remained loyal and devoted to her father until her own death. Her later circumstances, thanks to Allied Control, was that she lived and died in dire poverty.

With the exception of Reichsmarschall Herman Goering each of the prisoners, whilst

manacled to a guard, took exercise in the corridors of the prison block put aside for the prisoners to be hanged. All captives conducted themselves with the utmost dignity. One can only wonder if today's Western leaders, if brought before the bar for far worse crimes than those alleged against the defendants, would face a similar fate with such commendable courage and dignity.

A party member during the rise of the German Workers National Socialist Party, publisher and writer Julius Streicher had not served during the war. He had remained a specialist in agriculture and a farmer throughout the conflict. Streicher was particularly loathed by his Jewish tormentors. He had, through his Private Eye style satirical newspaper, constantly exposed and lampooned the Jewish power brokers. Streicher's in his approach was no different that those who today lampoon and criticise the Israeli Occupation of Palestine.

At the time of the hanging murders, Sir Anthony Eden, MP, former British Foreign Minister and soon to be Prime Minister, rose to his feet in the House of Commons. He pointedly asked Premier Clement Atlee, if as was rumoured, films of the executions were to be made. He asked if the government was taking action to prevent public exhibition of such film.

The prime minister replied: "My attention has been called to this report. It is inaccurate. The Allied Control Council (ACC) on which His Majesty's Government are represented, decided last week that no cinematography film or photographs should be taken of the executions. Photographs of the bodies will be taken after death by an official photographer as a representative of the four powers, for identification purposes. These will be the only photographs allowed."

Was this true? This is open to debate but it is unlikely if morality had any bearing on the decision not to film the executions. Even the British people, by then propaganda immunised against sympathy for the defeated Germans, might have been repelled by such public mawkishness. Despite the horrors being inflicted upon their unfortunate former foes the Allies continued to posture as holders of the moral high ground. This claim was already on very shaky ground. The fact is that the public execution of the Japanese leaders, played out to whooping American audiences, had already been shown on newsreels throughout America and Europe. Clearly questions of morality of the medieval practice of public hangings didn't enter into the debate.

The former German Chancellor, democratically elected by the German people, and his wife, had clearly made the right decision to take their own lives on April 30 1945. One can imagine how the Soviets would have behaved towards the trapped leaders of the Reich, their families and their children, had they not taken their own lives.

Photographs of the murdered political leaders men were taken. These have been published and widely circulated since that fateful day. When viewing these appalling images it is impossible to disguise the massive physical damage caused by the brutal methods of their executions. Horrifyingly, these photographs were later distributed throughout Germany in an attempt to draw a line under National Socialism and to terrify the German people into abject submission.

One of the principle executioners of the Nuremberg Trials and Military Tribunal murders was described as 'a nice Jewish boy.' Whether he was nice or not is subjective. What is

known is that he was given a free hand to gloatingly make these last acts on his helpless captives as tortured as could be imagined. Each prisoner would suffer a long agonising death, literally by slow strangulation - after their faces had been smashed against the sides of the trapdoors.

The hangman, John C. Woods, a sergeant in the United States Army, was indeed Jewish. The executions were deliberately bungled. The prisoners were given a short drop so that their necks would not be instantaneously broken. This method was to ensure their slow strangulation whilst suffering unimaginable agonies.

The official timing between the springing of the gallows trap and the death of the eleven victims was in 18, 24, 13, 10, 10, 12, 14, 14, 16 and 11-minutes. The official United States undertaker, who was present at the executions, stated that: 'The Jewish-American boy in charge of the execution (Julius Streicher) let him strangle, horribly for a long, long minute.' One of the executioners later, allegedly, committed suicide.

Another of the Allied executioners was the notorious British Albert Pierrepoint. Of French ancestry, he showed no qualms about the judicial slaughter of the captives. Albert Pierrepoint was a well known drunkard. After Capital Punishment was repealed in Britain he became a publican. He made stage tours of Blackpool, a seaside resort that is notorious for its tackiness. Before his own end he conceded that capital punishment was wrong. His hanged victims included teenagers, some of whom were later found to be innocent of the crimes for which they had been hanged.

Note: 'Out of 3,000 people employed on the staff at the Nuremberg Courts, 2,400 were Jews.' - Louis Marschalko, Special Correspondent, Playwright and Poet.

BRITAIN

HEROES DO NOT HANG HEROES

Prior to the execution of the German martyrs, the high command, political leaders, officers both men and women, secret British tests were conducted to allegedly 'improve the efficiency' of the methods used to execute those condemned to die. In documents held at Records Office in Kew, London, the tests revealed that it was taking up to 25 minutes for victims of Nuremberg and the military tribunals to die on the gallows.

The experiments disclosed in these files confirmed that the hangings did not inflict instantaneous death, either by accident or design. The hearts of those hanged could be heard beating after execution. Death could only be hastened when doctors injected chloroform and other substances into the victims' bodies.

Despite evidence to the contrary the British Home Office continued to take the view that hanging was 'the most humane and efficient form of execution' until capital punishment ended in 1965. Since then it has been confirmed that a number of executed men, women and youths were totally innocent victims of miscarriages of justice and have since been pardoned. I would have thought the last persons qualified to issue a pardon in such cases were the judicial murderers of these unfortunate people. The question is, will those who sentenced them to death, and carried out their executions, be pardoned in the thereafter. It is for us to wonder, it is for them to find out.

The experiments in hanging techniques at Hamelin in Germany during the winter months of 1945 / 1946 involved the putting to death of 64 Germans who had been found guilty on trumped up charges that would never have been for a moment considered in any properly set up legitimate court of law.

Mass executions: Because of the production line scale of sentences being handed out at these artificial courts there were as many as thirteen prisoners awaiting execution at any one time. It was felt that there would be an 'inordinate delay' if bodies were left suspended for more than an hour or more, which was necessary to ensure someone hanged could not regain consciousness.

A doctor F. E. Buckland, Assistant Director of Pathology, British Army of the Rhine, was asked by the Director of Medical Services whether he thought there was any objection to injecting the body immediately after the execution with lethal dose of 'some chemical solution'. This was to ensure that the body could be removed 'without delay.' According to the file, Doctor Buckland felt no 'ethical objection' and believed 10 percent of chloroform was appropriate.

The first series of killings took place on December 13 1945. To be hanged were three women and ten men. The women were to be hanged one by one, the men in pairs. According to the file, after the trap was sprung, the medical officer descended the stairs to the room below where, standing on a step ladder, he listened to the beat of the heart for half a minute. He would then inject 10cc of chloroform.

Some of the victims he injected directly into the heart, which he noticed caused instant heart stoppage. Others were injected intravenously in the arm, which caused the heart to stop within a few seconds. This latter method of course proves beyond all doubt that the hanged victims were at that point still alive.

In a later third series of executions on May 15 1946 the doctor used an electrocardiograph. This is a medical instrument that records the electrical activity of the heart. This revealed that inaudible impulses were produced for a further ten minutes in the hanged victims' bodies. In this case twenty-minutes would elapse between hanging and release through death. Dr Buckland concluded that in future executions bodies should be left hanging for fifteen minutes, until a heartbeat was no longer audible, this rather than the customary hour interval. This the doctor surmised, would make it 'possible to affect

dual executions at half hourly intervals.' This production line killing machine now on a production scale was thought necessary. The hanging procedures were now putting to death a constant stream of victims, including women and children as young as thirteen years of age. In the courage and dignity of their final moments each of the victims of British vengeance was in my opinion a hero or heroine. Their names will be honoured with the passing of time, which is much more than can be said for their murderers.

NOTE: I am indebted to my friend, now sadly deceased, Vivian Bird. Also The Times October 16 1946. The Times March 10 2000 (Doctors Speeded up War Crime Hangings). James Bacque, Other Losses. MacDonald 1989. David Irving, Churchill, London 1990. A. J. Beale, Advance to Barbarism. Professor Dr. Henry Barnes. The Question of German War Guilt.

AUSTRIA

HERBERT VON KARAJAN

UNREPENTANT NATIONAL SOCIALIST

5 APRIL 1908 - 16 JULY 1989

Conductor Herbert von Karajan

Many regard Herbert von Karajan as the greatest conductor ever to mount the podium, the greatest translator of Europe's classical music. He was simultaneously one of the most versatile and accomplished sportsmen of all time. Herbert von Karajan youthful passion for mountain climbing and fast motorcycles resulted in a number of spectacular accidents which blighted his health throughout his life. His spinal injuries and broken ankle was consequences of a 25 metre fall when as a twelve year old he was rock climbing locally.

He took up scuba diving and was also an accomplished water skier. When in his fifties he developed a passion for flight. He took to flying naturally learned to fly and piloted his own air-planes and helicopters which he flew with considerable panache.

He loved gliding and adored snow skiing. At the age of 54, when many men look forward to retirement, the accomplished musician climbed Mont Blanc. At 4,810 metres (15,000 feet) it is Europe's highest mountain. The gifted German musician descended on skis. Herbert von Karajan spoke four languages fluently, Italian, French and English. An exceedingly skilled yachtsman his pride and joy was his 77 foot Helisara, which required a crew of 25. He raced it to perfection and to international acclaim.

Were these the indulgences of a rich and successful musician, toys for boys who can afford them? Not at all for Herbert von Karajan skied with Stein Ericksen, drove fast cars with Nikki Lauder, dived with Jacques Costeau, and sailed with Gary Jobson. These men had reached the pinnacles of their respective sports. They were fabulously rich and successful. Such men do not associate with self indulgent playboys.

Such were the sports injuries he endured that at the age of 78 he had to undergo major surgery life-threatening on his spine. The operation was successful and he had to learn to walk again as does an infant. He swam, suffered long agonising walks, had massages and physical therapy. Throughout such ordeals he always mounted the orchestral podium and enthralled his audiences with his distinctive interpretation of Europe's most loved classical pieces. Like Beethoven and other great contributors to world civilisation Herbert von Karajan firmly believed that he was an instrument, that his was a God given mission to make music.

Such men have little need for heroes but Roger Vaughan, the conductor's biographer tells of the time they drove through Berchtesgaden. They took the roads up past Hitler's Berghof and on upwards to Eagle's Nest, Adolph Hitler's mountain home. As they neared the ruins, bombed by the USAF and then later looted, the man regarded as the world's greatest conductor expressed a deep sadness. "There is no monument to him."

Herbert von Karajan, a German-Austrian, had joined the National Socialist Deutsche Arbeit Partei (NSDAP) two months and eight days after the German Chancellor's election. His membership card carries the number #1 607 525. In fact, he had the distinction of being a member of the National Socialist German Workers Party twice over. Herbert von Karajan also carried a German issue NSDAP card (#3 430 914).

As an Austrian it was then illegal for him to be a member of the National Socialist German Workers Party. His admiration for the German leader was to endure. Nothing,

not even the passage of time, would temper it. Never once did von Karajan deny his membership despite being interrogated repeatedly and losing his musical career as a consequence of his unwillingness to recant.

Von Karajan's integrity further inflamed the professional jealousy of Furtwangler who, despite his profiting from National Socialist patronage, never himself joined the National Socialist German Workers Party. He afterwards attempted to distance himself from Hitler's Reich it. He even denied shaking the hand of Reich's Minister Dr. Joseph Goebbels yet his doing so was filmed. The irony is that von Karajan was cleared to work in Germany before Furtwangler was.

The 'von' in Karajan's name is a family title, Knight of the Holy Roman Empire. His father, Dr. Ernst von Karajan, a noted physician and accomplished pianist and clarinettist inherited the title.

By his early fifties the musician was the Music Director of the Berlin Philharmonic, artistic advisor of La Scala, artistic director of the internationally acclaimed Salzburg Festival, and simultaneously of the Vienna State Opera, and Music Director of the London Philharmonic Orchestra: 'General Music Director of Europe'.

Karajan was once scheduled to conduct Haydn's Creation in Vienna's Goldene Hall. "That's absurd," exclaimed a noted German conductor. "I love Karajan, but he is temperamentally unsuited to conduct Haydn."

The critic replied: "People don't go to hear Haydn. They go to see Karajan conduct."

Karajan was second to none when it came to the entrepreneurial skills needed to make and manage money. The Salzburg Easter Festival cost him $300,000. It grossed $2,660,000. He was certainly the last giant of the podiums to command such lucre. He was also the only conductor who never felt it necessary to ostentatiously acknowledge applause no matter how tumultuous. A few bows, rare to take an encore he would complete the performance and while applause from the audience was still lifting the roof he would turn on his heel and leave the podium.

This was not due to vanity or eccentricity for in his view applause before and after a performance was simply a by-product of his perfection. He evaluated his performance, good or bad he never felt it necessary to note the opinions of others. At the close of orchestral, ballet or operatic performances it is usual for the conductor and other musicians to retire to soirées to which only the names had been invited. They were rarely honoured by the presence of von Karajan. Before the chatter had even begun he was in solitude, working on the next performance or perhaps swimming in the near freezing lake fronting his home. Otherwise the maestro would sit quietly watching television.

The conductor's start in life was no different from that of any other German-Austrian born to the new century. It was a period of chaos, unemployment and mass starvation. By the time the gifted youngster was ten years old, Europe's oldest 1,000 year old dynasty, with Austria as its beating heart had been dismantled by the triumphant nations of World War One. Austria was now little more than a province. What did set him apart was his consuming passion to learn things. As he later said if it had not been music then it would have been something else. The family home was at Grundslee in the Austrian Alps.

His career actually started as a pianist but his prodigious talent wasn't helped by a tendon abnormality in his fingers. His tutor, noted pianist Professor Josef Hofman, said Karajan's ability required eight hands rather than eight fingers, he should consider a career as an orchestral conductor. In order to study a career of musical conducting at the Academy for Music and Performing Arts in Vienna one already knew that of the 220 talented youngsters only perhaps eighteen would be selected and only three would graduate. Such was the young musician's all consuming passion for quality music that at the age of fourteen he mounted his bicycle and peddled 200 miles to experience a concert.

His rise to prominence whilst phenomenal was based on the most unrelenting effort and guile on his part. This included raising funds to put on his personal concerts. The first was in Salzburg when he was twenty-one years old. Many have drawn the parallel with yet another rising star of the same period. Herbert von Karajan was applying the same single minded tenacity that would shortly achieve the resurrection of central Europe's fulcrum-nation. 'Culture is a poster for the Third Reich,' said Josef Goebbels.

As is the way of victors' justice Herbert von Karajan, who with others represented the culture of the Third Reich, was persecuted by the forces of occupation. Like millions of other Europeans he was denied the means to support himself or his family. Much of the period between autumn 1944 and December 1948, after being cleared by the denazification process, he spent at St. Anton patiently waiting for the return to the comparative normality of the war and pre-war years. When not there he and his wife lived in a remote wooded area north of Milan where partisans, had they known of his existence, would have murdered him in cold-blood.

Throughout those trying years Karajan was consistent in his admiration for the achievements of National Socialism. He revelled in the economic miracle, the quality of life that went with it, the prosperity that accompanied it, and the cultural base which supported it.

Herbert von Karajan's association and indeed enthusiasm for National Socialism never troubled him nor drew from him an apology. He wouldn't ever discuss the matter other than declaring, "I would not change anything I have done."

Edge Leslie, the British Diplomat stationed in Zurich, an ardent classical music expert was a good friend of Herbert von Karajan. He describes how in 1947 he arrived early at the conductor's humble flat. Religious books of all sorts were scattered around. Passages in books had been underlined and notes scribbled in the margins.

"When he returned home I asked him about it. He said that you don't need any faith to believe in God, because there are plenty of signs available of His existence. Mozart wrote a symphony as a child. Heredity cannot account for this," Herbert von Karajan said. "There is only one explanation: the Creator chooses people as His instruments to produce some beauty in a world that is all too ugly."

Herbert von Karajan went on to say: "I was given special tools, special talents. I never had any doubts that my talents came from the Creator. My duty to Him is to exploit them to the fullest. My ambition is to make music as perfectly as possible and reach as many people as possible."

Even those who are not given to respect Nazi ideology noted, some with admiration that

no matter what inducements or threats made against him Herbert von Karajan never once renounced his beliefs or criticised Germany's National Socialist system or its leaders. Herbert von Karajan's biographer Roger Vaughan writes: "Throughout the long drawn-out denazification process there is not the slightest sign of contriteness from Herbert von Karajan. One may question his ethics, but not his toughness, his strength of purpose, his self-assured single-mindedness.

"He told the authorities what he had done and he told them with his head held high and his voice in full timbre. He voiced no apologies, no regrets. Here is the story: so be it. And when he was challenged he didn't defend himself, he attacked."

Occasionally one will note that Herbert von Karajan closes an orchestral performance by clasping his arms across his chest. Is it a signal to the faithful? It may be just a coincidence that one of the German Chancellor's habits was to close a speech with the same gesture. It is certainly a gesture that was and will be understood by National Socialists.

The last musical work performed on Berlin Radio, before it went off the air in 1945, was Anton Bruckner's 7th Symphony in E-Major. Forty-four years later, in a special tribute to the Führer on the 100th anniversary of his birth, world-renowned conductor Herbert von Karajan was to lead the Vienna Philharmonic in his final performance with this monumental work. This concert took place just three months before his death.

On January 1 1987 Herbert von Karajan was to conduct the Vienna Philharmonics at their New Year's concert for the first and unfortunately only time. When he received the invitation he accepted gladly but in 1986 after convalescence from a serious illness, he doubted that he had the strength to go through with the three concerts together. He consulted his music producer and close friend Michel Glotz the night before the first concert. Herr Glotz told him: "You can do it, you have to do it. I even think you feel like doing it. But there is - somehow, somewhere - an obstacle in your psyche which you must overcome."

Later that evening Karajan called Glotz and told him "I'll do it." And after that, it was four days of total happiness. "No one who knew him had seen him happier on the podium for years."

And so against a formidable backdrop of internationally revered conductors Herbert von Karajan achieved a stature that had always evaded his contemporaries. I would say that Herbert von Karajan ventured where lesser conductors feared to go. He achieved immortality as a conductor of international acclaim. He did so by bringing to bear his consummate passion and ability to conduct not only the performance but everything related to it.

If you enjoy an opera or orchestral event then you will be entertained and hopefully inspired by the team who brought the event together. If it is a Karajan production he is the team. He will never be followed.

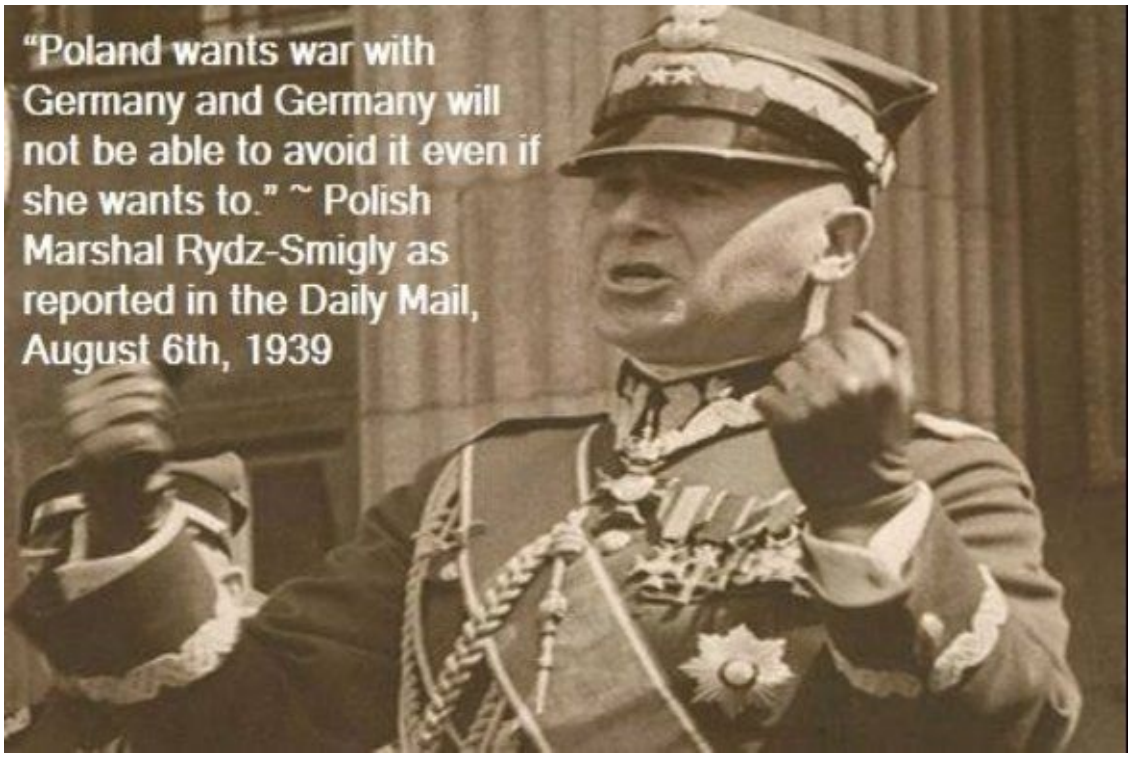
If you missed Beethoven and Richard Wagner as musicians and conductors then enjoy a Herbert von Karajan performance for the true interpretation of their works at their very finest. In them you will behold almost unseen images of the great masters of European classical music.

Attending a Church service. “We tolerate no one in our ranks who attacks the ideas of Christianity. Our Movement is Christian.”

- Adolph Hitler. October 27, 1928

GERMANY

REAL HEROES SALUTE HEROES


"Poland wants war with Germany and Germany will not be able to avoid it even if she wants to." ~ Polish Marshal Rydz-Smigly as reported in the Daily Mail, August 6th, 1939

Poland was never the inoffensive victim of German aggression the Allied propagandists make it out to be. Despite repeated attacks on Gerrman borders, which ignited World War Two and the deaths of tens of millions, Adolph Hitler maintained European values.

In September 1939, after the speedy success of the Polish Campaign, the surrendering Polish generals and officers, as well as other ranks, were treated with the utmost chivalry by the German foe. There were no complaints of abuse or ill-treatment by their German victors.

Immediately following the cessation of hostilities the German leader paid a personal visit to the tomb of Marshall Jozef Pilsudski (1867 – 1935). President Pilsudski is regarded as Poland's greatest revolutionary, statesman and president. There, for a time Adolph Hitler, German leader, stood bareheaded with cap in hand in remembrance.

On September 3 1939 France declared war on her neighbour Germany. Having defended her borders for eight months Germany retaliated. On May 10 1940 German troops invaded and within six weeks France surrendered. The threat to Germany' western borders had been lifted. The German high command could now focus on the eastern borders where the Soviet Red Army was preparing for invasion.

Immediately following the fall of France, Adolph Hitler again made a conciliatory gesture by visiting the tomb of Napoleon Bonaparte. There he paid homage to France's former emperor, who had for so long been an adversary of Germany.

Members of the French government were not molested. German servicemen undeniably behaved impeccably towards the French populace, violations were punishable by court martial, rape was a capital offence. As a further remarkable act of conciliation the German head of state ordered that the remains of Napoleon Bonaparte's son, the ill-fated

Napoleon 11, be removed from its crypt in Vienna and re interred at les Invalides in Paris.

By contrast, in 1943 at the Tehran Conference, Soviet dictator Josef Stalin proposed to British Premier Winston Churchill that, after the allied victory, 50,000 German officers should without trial be summarily shot. As the Soviet ally had already executed virtually all of his own Red Army general staff in 1937 such an act posed to him no particular problem. The British war leader, Winston Churchill demurred, not because he was opposed to the suggestion in principle. Nor did he dismiss the suggestion as it being a gross violation of international law. He did so only because of a potential unfavourable reaction in Britain and United States.

The British leader instead proposed the immediate execution, without trial, one hundred National Socialist leaders and show trials for the rest. The Chief Soviet jurist at the allies Nuremberg Trials was Andrej Vyshinsky. He was the infamous prosecutor at the notorious Stalin show trials of the 1930s. Those on 'trial' and executed by the Soviets included many British engineers, working in Russia, who were denounced as 'imperialist spies.'

GERMANY

IT IS ROCKET SCIENCE

Wernher VON BRAUN

23 MARCH 1912 - 16 JUNE 1977

German scientist Wernher von Braun

When recently there were celebrations in the United States to commemorate the father of Space Age travel, German scientist Wernher von Braun, Britain's mainstream media turned a Nelson's Eye. This was perhaps understandable since the space scientist's pioneering V1 and V2 rockets had once caused panic in wartime London. There was

little need for such sour-faced reticence. The British had after all, according to their own high command's admission, initiated indiscriminate bombings of civilians as a deliberate policy. When von Braun's rocket-propelled missiles rained down on London the country's hapless strategists were reaping a harvest they had sown.

Space pioneer Wernher von Braun is idolised in the U.S. city of Huntsville, where the former SS-Sturmbannführer, the man who designed V-2 rockets for the German war effort during World War II, was later to build the Saturn V rocket. This spacecraft was to catapult American astronauts Neil Armstrong, Buzz Aldrin and Michael Collins on their mission to the moon in 1969. Early in 2012 Huntsville marked the scientist's 100th anniversary of his birth.

The great German scientist was born 1912 in the Polish town of Wirsitz. The town was then, before the victorious Allies dismembered Germany, part of West Prussia. Like many young boys and men the young Wernher had an insatiable appetite for anything relating to science fiction and space travel. In 1920 the young Wernher's reading material, much of it Jules Verne and H.G. Wells, was fantasy.

The ambitious lad with vision must have daydreamed of the time when fiction would be turned into reality. After reading noted physicist Hermann Oberth's 1923 report Die Rakete zu den Planetenräumen (By Rocket to Space) the young student left fiction behind. Wernher von Braun took up the study of calculus and trigonometry so he could better master the physics of rocketry. By the time he received his doctorate from the University of Berlin in 1934, von Braun was working for the German military by assisting Oberth in building and firing small, liquid fueled rockets. During World War Two, he led rocket research at the German propulsion laboratory in Peenemünde on the Baltic coast.74.

But von Braun wanted to do more than develop weapons. He wanted to use rocket power to fly to space, to create a new frontier for scientific exploration and, eventually, peaceful human colonization of the stars. The war came to its bloody end. Then, with these goals in mind the team of scientists was invited to hone their skills in the United States.

Their destination, if not the United States, would have been the USSR. The Soviet Union was already sweeping up the best of German scientific talent, along with their laboratories, their know how and the German factories and plants. If it could be moved the Russians, Americans and British certainly moved it. When they couldn't do so they simply dynamited it. Winston Churchill's determination to once and for all remove Germany as a trade competitor was already well known. He National Socialist philosophy had in truth little to do with World War Two. The war had a twofold purpose; The removal f a trade rival and an excuse for rapacious war.

Speaking to U.S. President Harry Truman at Fulton in the United States in Mach, 1946, Winston Churchill famously conceded "The war wasn't only about abolishing fascism, but to conquer German sales markets. We could have, if we had intended so, prevented this war from breaking out without doing one shot, but we didn't want to."

It was equally well put when John Flynn in1944 surmised: 'The enemy aggressor is always pursuing a course of larceny, murder, rapine and barbarism. We are always moving forward with high mission, a destiny imposed by the Deity to regenerate our

victims while incidentally capturing their markets, to civilise savage and senile and paranoid peoples while blundering accidentally into their oil wells.'

The U.S. was keen to get started on its own space program. The U.S. military was well aware that Communist Russia, former henchmen in international piracy, was thinking along similar lines. They too were largely dependent upon the Reich's kidnapped scientists. The American effort was at the time centred at White Sands Proving Ground, New Mexico. There was built, without the aid of computers, the first powerful engines that would power rockets capable of breaking free of the earth's restraining atmosphere.

In 1950, von Braun and his team moved to Huntsville to oversee rocket development for the U.S. Army at Redstone Arsenal. There, the team led by von Braun, embarked upon the development of the Jupiter Rocket. The community was at the time the nation's fastest growing town and became known not as Peenemünde Mk 2 but as 'Rocket City.' That was a bit more suited to American verbiage.

By the time the Marshall Centre opened on Redstone Arsenal in 1960, von Braun had been a naturalised U.S. citizen for five years. As Marshall's first director, a post he held from July 1 1960 to January 27, 1970, he spearheaded development of NASA's Mercury and Apollo space programs.

Without the benefit of modern computers or state of the art manufacturing tools essential to the modern aerospace industry, the team built and tested the most powerful engines the world had ever seen. Even then, during the very early years, the engine designs had the power and the effrontery necessary for tossing massive vehicles out of the earth's atmosphere. Public interest in space exploration was finally turning into reality. Wernher had come along way since studying H. G Wells and Jules Verne as a schoolboy.

As he laboured von Braun tirelessly aimed not just at his space projects but at the public imagination. He knew he needed an enthusiastic public to put rocket fuel in his bid to attract capital from the capital, Washington DC. The German scientist constantly made impassioned public presentations about the future of space travel in Collier's Weekly, at many seminars, and he assisted in making documentary features for Walt Disney.

His crowning achievement came in November 1967, when the massive Saturn V rocket was successfully launched for the first time. Just 12 months later this monument to human achievement would propel the first human voyage to the moon. Space explorers would walk there for the first time on the moon on July 21, 1969. It was a small step for mankind, a giant step for Wernher von Braun.

In 1970, von Braun moved his family to Washington to lead strategic planning for the agency. He retired from NASA in 1972. Von Braun died in Alexandria, Virginia, on June 16, 1977. The timing of his spiritual journey to the afterlife was an appropriate moment's departure in earth time. That same year, the first space shuttle began flight tests.

PROPHETIC WORDS

THE LIES WILL BREAK DOWN

“Do not let yourself be confused by the uproar that will now reign throughout the world. The lies will one day break down under their own weight and the truth will again triumph. The hour will come when we shall stand pure and undefiled as our aims and beliefs have always been.

“Farewell, my dear Harald. Whether we shall ever see each other again lies in the hand of God. If it is not to be, then always be proud to have belonged to a family that even in the face of disaster remains true to the Führer to the very last and true to his pure and Holy cause. All the best and my heartfelt greetings. Your Papa.” - Dr. Joseph Goebbels written in the cellars of the Reich Chancellery.

Before taking their lives Joseph and his wife Magda wrote to their son Harald, who was not in the bunker with them. They will have assumed that the letters would one day be made public, which they were. This being the case the full letters should be read as being vital to the understanding of the driving principles of National Socialism and what endeared hundreds of millions to ‘the new social order religion.’ It leaves one wondering, was this the end or the beginning of National Socialism? After all, the crucifiers of Jesus Christ deluded themselves that the crucifixion would mark the end of Christianity.

BEFORE BEING HANGED

DEAD MEN’S PROPHECIES

REICHSMARSCHALL HERMAN GOERING

“Next to my own people, I feel closest sympathy with the English. Anyway, one thing is clear - Germany must rise either with the English or the Russians and the Russians seem to have the upper hand. They are clever, too.”

“My people have been humiliated before. Loyalty and hatred will unite them again. Who knows but that in this very hour the man is born who will unite my people - born of our flesh and bones, to avenge the humiliation we suffer now.”

DEPUTY FUHRER RUDOLF HESS

“Just wait twenty years. Germany will have risen again!”

“I should do it all again, even if it meant going to the martyr’s stake to be burned. A temporary defeat in war is nothing in terms of history. Nothing can prevent the Germanic race from fulfilling its destiny. When America and Russia have exhausted themselves in war, then will be the time for Germany to rise from the ashes.”

STALIN’S VICTORY OVER EUROPE MEANT SLAVERY AND DEATH FOR MILLIONS OF EUROPEANS

Whilst the trials of surrendered Axis servicemen and civilians proceeded, Joe Stalin, facilitated by Premier Winston Churchill’s Government and US President Truman’s Congress, press ganged into slavery millions of Europeans. The train above is departing the Baltic States with its slave cargo. Note hammer and sickle on wagon’s woodwork.

REICH MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR

WILHELM FRICK

“Every race has the right to protect itself, just as the Jewish race has done for thousands of years. You will have the same problem in America. The whites don”t want to intermarry with Negroes. The (National Socialist) Nuremberg Laws were for the protection of the Aryan race.”

Millions of vanquished German civilians
were expelled from German territory ceded to Poland.

MINISTER FOR POPULAR ENLIGHTENMENT
HANS FRITSCHE

“On the contrary, my friends, this means the beginning of the Hitler legend.”

CHIEF OF ARMED OPERATION STAFF

ALFRED JODL

(SIGNED THE SURRENDER DOCUMENTS)

“Hitler talked to me in July, 1940, about the possible hostilities with Russia. He wanted to be ready to forestall an attack by Russia in the autumn. Hitler was convinced that Russia would squeeze or attack us in the near future, and that England would encourage it.” - General Alfred Jodl.

JOACHIM VON RIBBENTROP

REICH FOREIGN MINISTER

“A few years from now the lawyers of the world will condemn this trial. You cannot have a trial without law.” – Joachim von Ribbentrop.

“The last time I saw Hitler was on April 23 1945. I felt sure that Hitler intended to remain in Berlin until the end. I was able to ask him what he wanted me to do if it came to the point of surrender. He said that I should try to remain on good terms with Britain.

He always wanted that, you know. I was always for a rapprochement with Russia. Hitler thought we would be attacked sooner or later. History will show that Hitler was right and I was wrong." – Joachim von Ribbentrop.

ALFRED ROSENBERG

REICH MINISTER EUROPEAN TERRITORIES

"Crimes against Christianity? Did you ever pay any attention to the Russian crimes against Christianity?"

"The Russians have the nerve to sit in judgement, with thirty million lives on their

conscience? Talk about persecution of the Church! Why! They are the world"s experts. They killed priests by the thousands during their revolution. The persecution of the Church is a big question that goes back hundreds of years, and there are several sides to the question. The Lord only knows how much blood has been spilled by and because of the Church."

"As other great ideas knew heights and depths, so National Socialism too will be reborn someday in a new generation steeled by sorrow, and will create in a new form a new Reich for the Germans. Historically ripened, it will then have fused the power of belief with political caution."

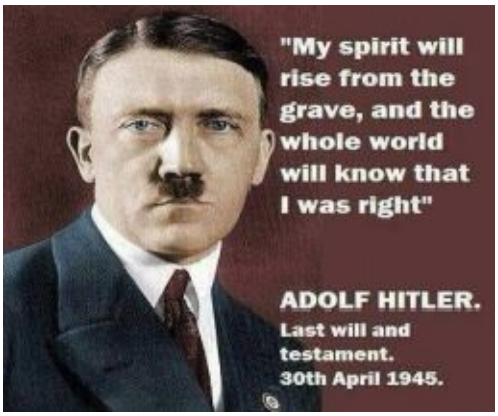
"In its peasant soil it will grow from healthy roots into a strong tree that will bear sound fruit. National Socialism was the content of my active life. I served it faithfully, albeit with some blundering and human insufficiency. I shall remain true to it as long as I still live."

JULIUS STREICHER

EDITOR and PUBLISHER

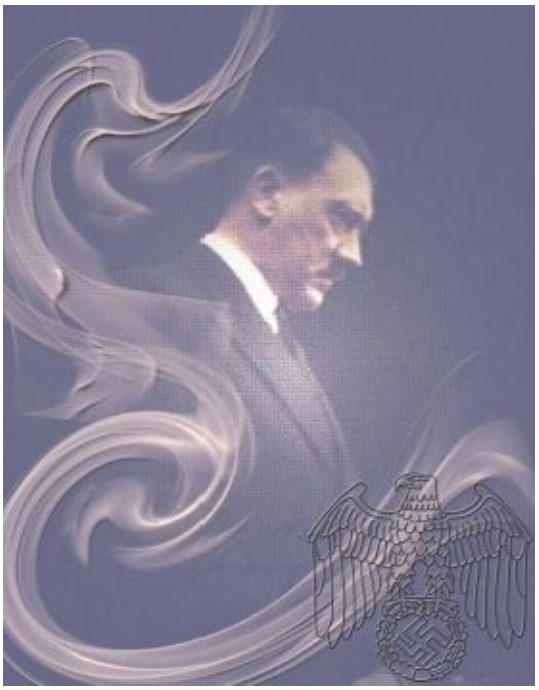
“After all, the Talmud itself told the Jews to preserve their racial purity. The Jews are making a mistake if they make a martyr out of me, you will see. I didn’t create the problem, it existed for hundreds of years. I saw how the Jews were pushing themselves into all spheres of German life, and I said that they should be pushed out. After all, if you read the Talmud, you will see that the Gentiles should take measures to protect themselves against the Jews.” - Julius Streicher, Publisher and Agricultural Expert.

PROPHECY?


"My spirit will rise from the grave, and the whole world will know that I was right"
ADOLF HITLER.
Last will and testament.
30th April 1945.

THE GERMAN CHANCELLOR

ADOLPH HITLER



“I nourish the conviction that the hour will come when millions of men who now curse us will take a stand behind us to welcome the new Europe, our common creation born of a painful and laborious struggle and an arduous triumph - a Europe which is the symbol of greatness, honour, strength, honesty and justice.”

“…….By the sacrifice of our soldiers, by my comradeship with them right to the end, has been sown the seed which will spring forth in the history of Germany and of Europe in the

resurrection of National Socialism together with a nation truly united." - Adolph Hitler, Last Will and Testament. April 29 1945.

"The day will come when we shall make an agreement with the men of other Aryan nations. Then there will come a union between the entire one, good, ruling race throughout the world." Adolph Hitler.

THE LAST WORDS OF THE VICTORS

"We made a monster, a devil out of Hitler. Therefore we couldn't disavow it after the war. After all, we mobilized the masses against the devil himself. So we were forced to play our part in this diabolic scenario after the war. In no way we could have pointed out to our people that the war only was an economic preventive measure." - US Foreign Minister James Baker (1992).

RIP U.S. / BRITAIN

OBITUARY WINSTON CHURCHILL

Half-American yet voted oddly as the Greatest Englishman, once mocked: "Of course history will be kind to me for I shall write it." This said much for the man's cockiness. However, he could not have foreseen a time when, thanks to the Internet's free flow of information, earlier statements would receive a far bigger readership than he could have imagined. His earlier gloating might well be engraved on his obituary and the gravestones of millions who perished and suffered as a direct consequence of his policies.

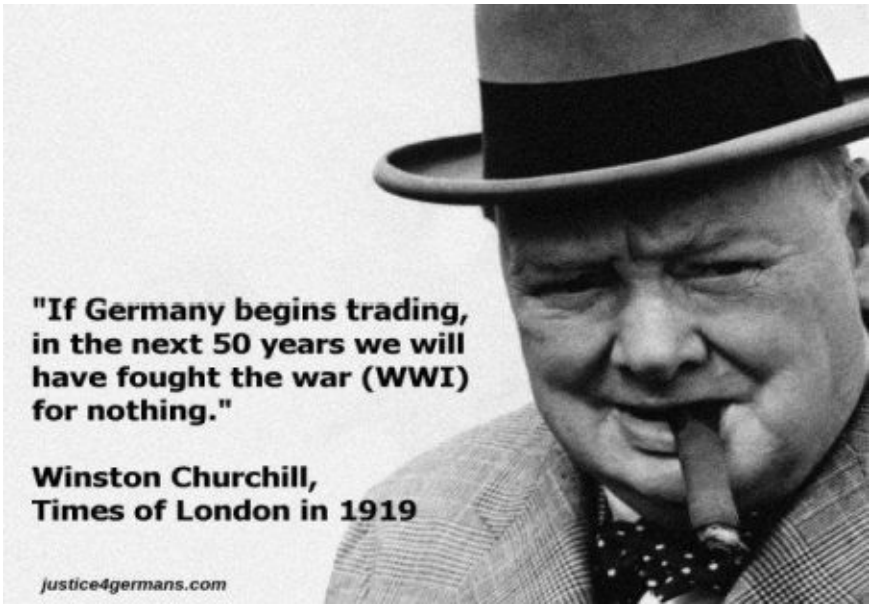
"Should Germany do business again in the next 50 years we have led this war (WW1) in vain." - Winston Churchill writing in The Times (1919).

"We will force this war upon Hitler, if he wants it or not." - Winston Churchill 1936 broadcast.

“Germany becomes too powerful we will have to crush it.” - Winston Churchill. (Nov. 1936 speaking to U.S. - General Robert E. Wood).

WARTIME UNELECTED BRITISH PREMIER

WINSTON CHURCHILL MP


"If Germany begins trading, in the next 50 years we will have fought the war (WWI) for nothing."
Winston Churchill, Times of London in 1919
justice4germans.com

“This war is an English war and its goal is the destruction of Germany.” - Winston

Churchill. Autumn 1939 broadcast.

"The war wasn't only about abolishing fascism, but to conquer sales markets. We could have, if we had intended so, prevented this war from breaking out without doing one shot, but we didn't want to."- Winston Churchill to Truman. Fulton, U.S. March 1946.

"Germany's unforgivable crime before World War Two was its attempt to loosen its economy out of the world trade system and to build up an independent exchange system from which the world-finance couldn't profit anymore." - Winston Churchill. The Second World War - Bern, 1960.

"It was not the political doctrine of Hitler that hurled us into this war. The reason was the success of his increase in building a new economy. The roots of war were envy, greed and fear." - Major General J.F.C. Fuller, historian, England.

"We didn't go to war in 1939 to save Germany from Hitler…or the continent from fascism. Like in 1914, we went to war for the not lesser noble cause that we couldn't accept a German hegemony over Europe." - Sunday Correspondent, London 17.9.1989.

"The enemy is the German Reich and not Nazism, and those who still haven't understood this, haven't understood anything." – Churchill's chief counsellor Robert Lord Vansittart (as said to foreign minister Lord Halifax, September 1940.

END NOTE

As an Irishman and Christian born of Republican parents I am painfully aware of the consequences of conflict. Few know better than the Irish the suffering caused by rapacious trade war and occupation.

President Eamon de Valera, founder of the modern Irish State, with Secretary of External affairs, Joseph Walshe, were the first of the world's political elite to extend their condolences to the German people on the loss of their revered Chancellor two days earlier. Perhaps these statesman knew that for the German people, and much of Europe, the war was over but their suffering had just begun.

Publication of HEROES OF THE REICH marks 82 years since the German leader, Adolph Hitler was elected. This perhaps was his greatest victory over his protagonists. Josef Stalin, a Georgian was never elected. Nor was half-American British Premier Winston Churchill. Whilst U.S. President Roosevelt was narrowly elected, it was afterwards conceded that it was his empty promise not to involve the American people in another European war that achieved his 'victory.' Publication also marks 70-years since the end of the Second World War and the Allied Occupation of Germany under its illegal constitution. - Mike Walsh.

Soon to be published by the same author: HEROES HANG WHEN TRAITORS TRIUMPH. A multi-biography of internationally recognised political leaders and philosophers executed by the Allies following the close of World War Two.